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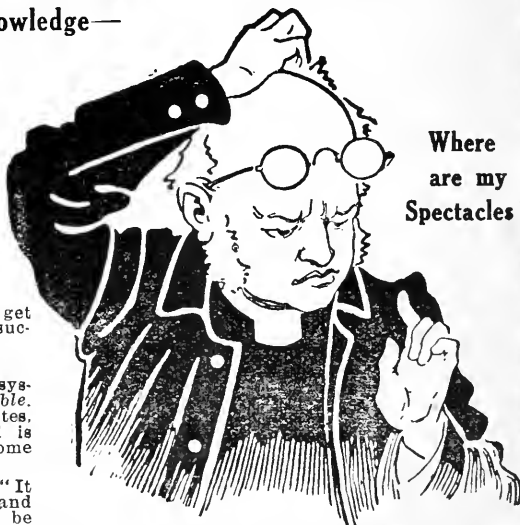
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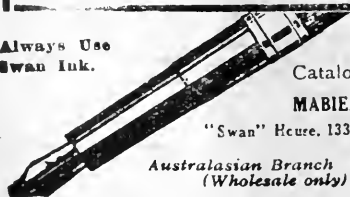
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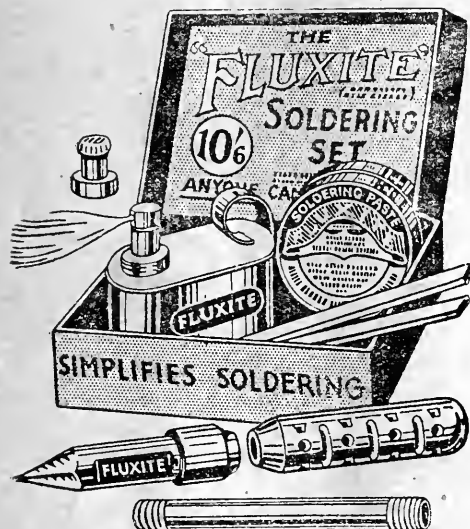
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Name of Institute.	We Presented.	Passed.
Commonwealth	248	208
Federal	429	360
Queensland	14	12
A.C.P.A.	22	20
New South Wales	4	4
Association	28	26
Australasian Secretaries	51	38
N.Z. Society	4	3
Municipal Auditors		
	802	673

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1st, 2nd and 3rd, Queensland.
2nd and 3rd, West Australia.
1st, 2nd and 3rd, Tasmania.
1st, 2nd and 3rd, Victoria.
2nd, South Australia.

FEDERAL INTERMEDIATE:

2nd and 4th, Australia.
2nd and 3rd, Victoria.
1st and 2nd, South Australia.
2nd, West Australia.
2nd, Queensland.

FEDERAL FINAL:

3rd, Australia.
2nd and 3rd, Victoria.
1st and 2nd, New Sth. Wales, Accounting.
1st and 2nd, New Sth. Wales, Law.
1st, 2nd and 3rd, Queensland.
1st, South Australia, Accounting.
3rd, West Australia.
3rd, Tasmania.

(In all, our candidates at the Federal Examination secured 51 Firsts, 54 Seconds, and 54 Thirds.)

2nd place, Queensland Institute.
1st in Book-keeping, Queensland Institute.
1st in Trustees, Queensland Institute.
1st in Mercantile, Queensland Institute.
3rd, West Australian Institute.
2nd and 3rd, Association of Accountants.
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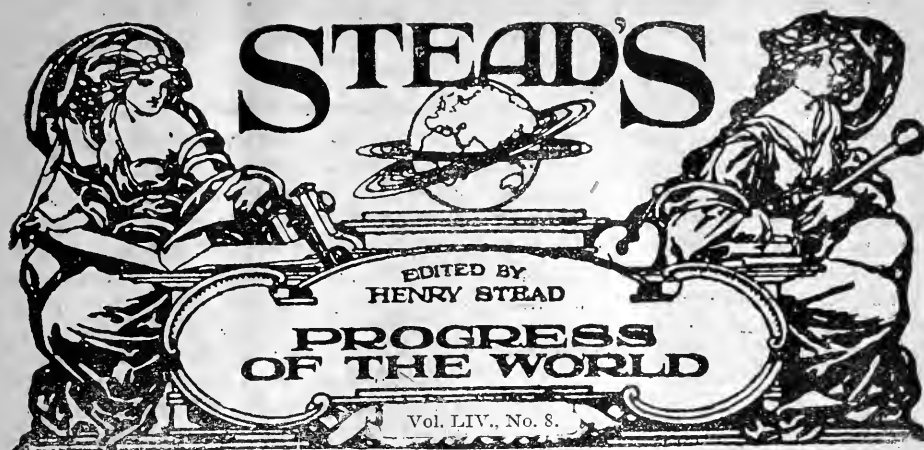
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OCTOBER 9, 1920.

The Grim Aftermath of War.

Europe having been thrown into the melting pot, and then been poured out into new moulds, shows as yet little sign of setting. Economically, financially, commercially and politically, it continues to seethe. Even the countries which are completely severed from the Continent, like Great Britain and the United States, are conforming themselves but slowly to the new order, and in Europe itself trouble and unrest stalk through the land. Famine and pestilence have Central Europe in their deadly grip, and in the East looms the giant spectre of ghastly disease. Frontiers which at one time barred the passage of cholera and spotted typhus are down, and organised resistance to these deadly plagues no longer exists. We hear little about the epidemics which are raging in Russia, in Poland, in Roumania, but already their insidious tentacles are pushing their way westwards, and it is by no means improbable that history may repeat itself, and a ghastly plague may make greater ravage than did the war, just as the black death, the terrible legacy of the Thirty Years'

war, did in the middle ages. But though the danger threatens, too few authentic particulars are yet available to enable us to judge what is likely to happen.

Britain's Attitude Towards Russia.

The political horizon, too, is getting darker, but here we have more data to go upon. It is clear, of course, that there can be no real peace in Europe until the Russian situation is cleared up, until the terms imposed on Germany are modified, until the Turkish muddle is straightened out. I have already touched on the strain to which the alliance between Great Britain, France and Italy has been put owing to the differences which are now becoming manifest in the attitudes of the three principals towards Germany, and towards the European settlement generally. I will revert to that later, but would first deal with the Russian position, as Russia will, in the end, be the controlling factor in the rearrangement which must ultimately take place in Europe. The British attitude towards the Soviet Government has been vacillating and uncertain. Lloyd George would, and then he

wouldn't. He first backed the Soviet Republic's enemies, and then he wanted to make friends. He refused to trade, and then he changed his mind, and desired to resume commercial relations. No wonder France, with a settled policy, and Italy with an equally determined, but diametrically opposite one, were bewildered and annoyed. They imagined, no doubt, that the British Prime Minister desired to hunt with the hounds, and run with the hare. Those who have followed his career of course know better. He is an opportunist—he meets situations as they arise; his only policy is to find a way out; if possible, one that will benefit the British Empire.

The Desire to Trade.

When a comparatively small band of extremists seized the reins of power in Russia, he and others deemed it easy to topple them from the driver's seat. When he found that they were firmly planted there, and appeared likely to stay, he saw no use in still trying to prize them out of it, but accepted the situation, and endeavoured to turn it to Britain's advantage. The Empire stood in need of raw materials Russia could supply; manufacturers in England were desperately anxious to secure the great Russian market. Peace with Russia would mean immense orders to British factories, would send down the price of bread, of paper, of petroleum, of linen, of leather, of eggs—obviously to resume trade was the best thing. Seeing this so clearly, we can well imagine how he must have been chaffed at the French attitude. No trade would the French Government allow until it had guarantees from the Soviet Republic that debts incurred by the Tsarist regime would be honoured. French trade with Russia before the war was comparatively small, but large sums of French money had been lent to the Russian Government. The interest on these loans brought France far more money than did the trade. It was natural, therefore, that France was prepared to recognise any opponent of the Soviet Government who promised to honour

the loans, and pay interest when he won to power. Lloyd George, anxious to resume commercial relations, and seeing Lenin apparently firmly in control, reversed his previous policy. France, however, did not.

English Guns for Poland.

The business was further complicated by the Polish invasion of Russia. Here again British policy must have bewildered French statesmen. France encouraged the Poles to attack, of that there can be no doubt, for France desires a strong Poland, and is anxious to upset Soviet rule. The British Government, however, not only repudiated knowledge of the Polish advance, but Lloyd George assured Parliament that Great Britain had not been encouraging the Poles in their venture, or assisting them in any way. At the very time that this declaration was made the correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* in Warsaw wrote: "British guns, heavy and light, are arriving. One sees columns of them passing through the streets, bedecked with flowers and branches, and munition trains from Dantzig are being unloaded in the stations. . . . One sees also flower-decked columns of infantry, cavalry and artillery, all English equipped, with brand new English cannon, Lewis, and machine guns." Lloyd George, after the Labour protests in England, roundly declared that we were perfectly neutral, but Mr. Bonar Law was obliged to admit that British soldiers and sailors had been engaged in unloading war material at Dantzig for the Poles. One can understand Lloyd George's difficult position. On the one hand, he has his French Allies insisting that the Poles must be helped, and his bellicose colleague, Mr. Churchill, urging that British troops be sent to Poland; on the other hand, he has Labour presenting a pistol at his head, and declaring that if any more munitions are sent to Poland, there will be a general strike. Heaven knows what he told M. Millerand, but in public he conciliated Labour, assured its leaders that Great Britain was neutral, that no assistance would be

sent, and that he strongly disapproved of the Polish adventure into Russia.

Were the Poles Deceived?

Whilst one can appreciate the difficulties of the situation, the fact that British weapons were reaching Poland, and that British soldiers were unloading them at Dantzic—because the Germans refused to handle them—does not incline one to put a great deal of faith in the assurances of the Prime Minister, that Pilsudski had had no encouragement from London in his mad-cap invasion project. Mr. Rothey Reynolds, writing in *The Star*, on August 9th, declares that the Polish Government was ready to conclude peace with Russia in 1919, but had been prevented so doing because the Allies told their representatives in Paris to go on fighting. The story goes—it has been printed in English papers, and has not been contradicted—that in September, 1919, Paderewski, at that time Prime Minister of Poland, came over to London, and told Lloyd George that Poland was not in a position militarily, politically, or economically, to continue the war against Russia, and that, in his opinion, and that of General Pilsudski, immediate peace was essential. Lloyd George thereupon, speaking on behalf of the *Entente*, forbade the Polish Government to make peace, and promised it the fullest economic and military support of the Allies in carrying on the war. The Polish leaders yielded, and continued the fight. Some months later Lloyd George, as we know, changed his policy towards Russia, but France did not. On the contrary, so we are assured, it called on Pilsudski early this year to begin an offensive against Moscow, by way of Smolensk.

What Will the Poles Think?

This the Polish leader refused to do, regarding it as too mad an adventure; but, under strong French pressure, he eventually consented—against his own better judgment—to make the offensive against Kieff, which ended so disastrously. This tale may not be true, but it offers the only reasonable explanation

of the reckless rush to Kieff, a city the Poles do not claim, and which lies so far from Warsaw as to make the establishment of proper communications impossible for a country impoverished as is Poland. The Poles were evidently able to get arms and ammunition from somewhere, the people refused to embrace Bolshevik ideas and allowed all their men to be conscripted. A new army was created, which was able to throw back the Red forces which had themselves run far ahead of their commissariat and communications, and Warsaw was saved. But how, one wonders, do the Poles now regard Great Britain, which urged them to continue the war, but failed to send the promised military help?

Wrangel's Success.

Whilst I regard the French policy to be wrong and consider that, in the end, it will have to be abandoned, it is, at any rate, consistent. At the moment, it appears to be successful. The Poles have shaken the Russian Government. They have defeated the Red armies, and their mad adventure to Kieff compelled the Bolsheviks to withdraw forces from other fronts to throw against them. Thanks to the Polish offensive the Reds were unable to complete the subjugation of Denekine's armies. Their forces were hastened north, leaving a considerable remnant of White troops under Wrangel. Taking advantage of the Red withdrawal, this leader busied himself with reorganising his forces, and soon collected a respectable army in the south. This he led into Ukrainia, defeating what Red troops remained in the neighbourhood. He naturally applied for Allied recognition, because he needed arms and ammunition and money. The British Government, having by this time definitely adopted its new attitude towards the Soviet Republic, refused to have anything to do with the new leader, but France, at the very moment it was announced in London that the Allies did not approve of Wrangel, officially recognised him. He had, of course, given the necessary promises about paying French debts. With

the Red armies engaged on the Polish frontier, Wrangel was able to win much territory in the south, just as Denekine did before him. He, however, appears to have learned a lesson from Denekine's failure, and, so say the cables, is carefully conciliating the people as he advances. He is recognising that the peasants' claim to the land they till is just, and is giving them titles to it, instead of insisting that it must revert to the former owner.

A Critical Time for the Bolsheviks.

If he wins the support of the peasants, Wrangel may succeed where Denekine failed. But—and this is the point we must bear in mind—he cannot get and keep that support if he wishes to restore the old order. Yet he presumably relies mainly for his fighting-men on those whom the Bolsheviks have deprived of their estates, their jobs, and their businesses, men who are burning to recover what they have lost. Is it possible for Wrangel to reconcile the desires of the people with the desires of his chief supporters? One would imagine that his main hope lies in using these supporters only until he is able to secure the help of the peasants and workers, and then throwing them over. Undoubtedly, the most difficult time has come for Lenin and his friends. Peace with Poland, with Lithuania, with Latvia, with Esthonia, leaves only Wrangel in the field. Lenin can no longer make the excuse that his panaceas cannot work because, ringed round with enemies, the only thing to do is to defend Russia. The discontent which must exist everywhere will inevitably find expression, and, if Wrangel is clever enough to win over the people as he advances, he may easily take advantage of this, and, by making plenty of promises, secure adherents.

King Stork for King Log.

The Bolshevik armies were able to smash Denekine and Koltchak, because these leaders had alienated the people they had conquered, and these, rising against them, deserting to the Reds, cutting communications and destroying ammunition, brought about their

downfall. If Wrangel has the people with him, the Red armies will have no help from behind. The Bolshevik propaganda would be counteracted by a Wrangel propaganda, which would assure the people behind the Red lines that they would have more real freedom under his government than under that of Lenin. It would promise them the land, would undertake to give the workers food, and so on, and so forth. But Wrangel, to succeed, would have to be every bit as revolutionary as the Bolsheviks, and, if he succeeded, his Government would have to be a Socialistic one. Quite possibly, the Russians might have changed King Log for King Stork. Quite conceivably, France might have assisted to power a man who would be all for a united Russia, and who, instead of desiring to be left in peace to work out Russian salvation as does Lenin, might seek to re-establish Russian influence in Europe.

Lenin and France.

Actually, of course, we know very little about Wrangel and his doings. It may be that his victories are as little worth as those of Denekine. It may be that his following is small. We do know, however, that Trotsky has made proclamations, which suggest serious trouble in the Red armies. Somewhat similar proclamations, though, have been made before by him. On the whole, though, one would conclude that things are not going too well with the Soviet Government. Then, if that cable about giving the peasants land is correct, Wrangel is evidently avoiding Denekine's mistakes. He can only win through, though, if he adopts almost Bolshevik reforms and throws overboard the supporters of the old regime. The peasants, after all, are in the great majority in Russia. Illiterate, slow, they yet hold the key to the situation. Win them over, and you win power! Alienate them, and you meet disaster. If Wrangel is able to get their support he will defeat the Reds; but it is hard to believe that the soldier Wrangel is anything like as clever a man, or as shrewd a judge of the Russian people,

as is Nicholai Lenin. There is, of course, another possibility, one which we may assume has not been lost sight of by French statesmen, namely, that, thrown out of Poland, hammered by Wrangel, the Soviet Government may endeavour to purchase French recognition by undertaking to shoulder the debts of the Tsarist regime. If it did this the probabilities are that French, and with it Allied, support of Wrangel would be withdrawn, arrangements being made, of course, for an amnesty for him and his followers. It may be that an assumption of responsibility for the French loans would come too late, but that depends upon what real success Wrangel is winning, and also upon the extent of the internal troubles reported from Moscow and Petrograd.

What Happened in 1815.

In considering the present situation in Europe, one naturally looks back to the events which followed the defeat of Napoleon I. in 1815. An alliance of peoples had been brought about, the sole object of which was to smash the man whose military genius had remade the map of Europe, and to whose vaulting ambition there seemed to be no limit. Once the goal of the Alliance had been attained, the nations composing it fell apart, despite the greatest efforts on the part of various statesmen to keep them together. England was the first to pull out, being entirely unwilling to spend money and send troops to carry out decisions made at Vienna and Paris, which, though of vital moment to her European Allies, concerned her in her isolation hardly at all. Others quickly followed her, and when, a short decade and a-half after Waterloo, the dynasty which the Allies had set up in France was overthrown, not one of them interfered. Neither did they intervene when a French army marched into Belgium, to free the Belgians from Dutch control, a control which had been solemnly established at Vienna. The only bond between the Allies a century ago was fear and hatred of Napoleon. Once he was disposed of they speedily fell back to their

own national aspirations, and these inevitably soon brought them into conflict with each other. These national aspirations showed their heads at Vienna, and later at Paris, and were responsible for most of the flaws in the re-arrangement of Europe there drawn up.

The Alliance Breaking Up.

Similar aspirations developed at Paris, last year, and are at the present moment insidiously dissolving the Alliance which came into existence solely because of fear and hatred of Germany. In destroying German militarism, it achieved its object, and, having done so, the reason for its continuance has gone. The German danger has been eliminated, and a common fear no longer holds the Allies together. During the war, and whilst the peace was being drawn up, Allied statesmen were left free to do almost whatever they liked. An obedient censor suppressed all protest, and anyone reckless enough to oppose the Government's policy was dubbed pro-German, unpatriotic, and in some cases found himself in gaol. But conditions are now quite different. Lloyd George, for instance, negotiates with France and Italy and Russia, and even Germany, with one eye on the electors. He is very susceptible to Labour threats. He realises that the people will not tolerate any adventure which means further fighting, and that he cannot possibly send an army overseas to enforce the carrying out of the Peace Terms, to rescue Poland, or coerce the Turk. Therefore, the British Government to-day is doing precisely what its predecessor did a hundred years ago. It is withdrawing from the Alliance in so far as that Alliance demands active participation in European affairs. The war with Germany has given England vast oversea possessions, just as that with Napoleon left her with immensely augmented territories. Germany has been crushed, her navy has been destroyed, her merchant ships have been confiscated. The British people fear her no longer and see no reason why they should be dragged into further wars, just because their Allies are still afraid of the Germans.

Britain's Fighting Proxies.

Fully aware that his people will not stand for any further interference in European affairs, Lloyd George has had to shape his foreign policy accordingly, and, where possible, has got others to fight British battles abroad. Deneikine and Koltchak and Yudenitch fought as British proxies against Russia, and the latest development is that the Greeks are fighting as our proxies in Asia Minor. British support of Grecian claims in the Eastern Mediterranean has not the approval of Italy or of France, any more than French support of the Poles—who are fighting as France's proxies against Russia—has that of the British people. Whilst the Peace Conference lasted, we were assured that all the Allies were in cordial agreement, but Lloyd George has just declared—in defending himself against the accusation that he had brought a reactionary peace from Versailles—that the peace signed was the minimum France would accept, and that the alternative was breaking with France, and making a separate treaty with Germany. We now know that very serious differences occurred between France and England over the Turkish settlement, differences which still continue. It was because of these differences that the Turks were given an opportunity of pulling themselves together, and by the time some sort of agreement had been reached, the sick man of Europe had once more rallied. The Allies seized Constantinople, but it was England which sent troops to garrison the city, and, as a result, it was the British Government which dominated the Turkish capital and the Sultan.

Complications in Asia Minor.

But Great Britain was not prepared to send troops to Asia Minor, to enforce the Peace terms on the Young Turks, and welcomed the offer of Venizelos to despatch an army to Smyrna to fight Kemal Pasha. In accepting this offer Great Britain evidently undertook to support Grecian claims, and is now backing the Greeks, just as she did the Turks in former years, against Russia.

This would certainly seem to be a wise policy. A greater Greece, dependent on Great Britain for support, would suit the British Government very well, indeed. But naturally, Italy, Greece's trade rival in the Levant, and France, with ambitions of her own in Asia Minor, do not approve of the British policy, and appear to be inclining somewhat towards the Turks, and to be in favour of re-establishing the Turkish Empire, though within narrow limits. The reply to the British-supported Grecian advance in Asia Minor was the French occupation of Damascus, a proceeding which immediately affected the British position in Mesopotamia, as it compelled Britain to acquiesce in an arrangement which violated the solemn promise she had made the Arabs, in order to secure their support against the Turks during the war.

France, Britain and Reparation.

Naturally, every effort is being made to maintain the *Entente Cordiale* between France and Great Britain, but it is becoming daily more obvious that there is wide divergence in the national aspirations of the two countries. The two Prime Ministers meet together and have entirely satisfactory conferences, but no sooner do they return to their respective bases, than disquieting ripples again begin to appear on the surface of friendship, which suggest hidden disrupting forces beneath. In fact, the Prime Ministers only seem to agree when they are together. There is divergence of view between the two peoples regarding the German indemnity, concerning the coal tribute, about the use of black troops in the occupied areas, and many other points of difference have been revealed. The revision of the Peace Treaty is being generally demanded in Great Britain, where the conviction, that its terms cannot possibly be carried out, is rapidly gaining ground. Britain does not now anticipate receiving any large sum from Germany as reparation payment. Even the Australian Government appears to be resigned to getting along without

German gold! But France, in desperate financial straits, can look only to Germany for relief. It is being argued by influential people in England that, if the Treaty is modified and a low reparation payment is fixed, her Allies ought to make it up to France in some way. Actually, the Allies agreed that Germany was only to pay compensation for damage done to the civilian population. Mr. Keynes estimates that the amount of the French claim for such civilian damage would not be more than £800,000,000. It is, of course, admitted that a great deal of damage done in France was the work of Allied guns and bombs and mines, and it is suggested that, under the circumstances, it would not be unreasonable to ask those responsible for the damage to repair it, pending the time when the German indemnity is paid.

Conditions of Financial Aid.

This suggestion has received some support in England, but it is urged that the best way in which France could be helped, is for Great Britain to remit the debt France owes her, and to abandon all claim to a share of the German indemnity. But it is strongly emphasised that this help should be given on certain conditions only. The first of these is that France should agree to fix the German indemnity at a reasonable sum which Germany is able to pay; the second that incomes should be taxed in France as heavily as they are in Great Britain, and the third that there should be a radical change in French policy. With a deficit for the year of no less than 4,000,000,000 francs, and a national debt of 233,000,000,000 francs, the French Government continues to spend millions on military commitments of every kind, and on making or inciting others to make war in various parts of the world. The Koltchak venture alone cost France some 800,000,000 francs, and Denekine probably got more than this. Poland could not possibly have bought the weapons she used against Russia unless France provided the funds, and the great army sent to Damascus must have

used up hundreds of millions. The French Government voted a great sum of money to be used in repairing the devastated areas, but no less than 4,000,000,000 francs of this vote has been diverted for warlike operations and other objects, so it is said. Francis Delaisi, in an article in *The Manchester Guardian*, declared that the French Government was deliberately exploiting the invaded region for the benefit of profiteers, and cited facts which thus far have gone unrefuted. Even supposing he exaggerated, it is indisputable that not much has been done to repair the damage. The German Government shortly after the Armistice offered to rebuild the whole of the devastated region with German labour, at the expense of the German nation. The French Government refused, on the ground that it did not want "Munichs" all over France. The Germans replied that the French could make all the plans, and that they would simply carry them out, but the offer was again refused. It has lately been repeated in a modified form, but M. Poincaré describes it as savouring of "bluff and impertinence."

France Still Fears Germany.

No nation, of course, likes another to interfere with its politics and internal affairs, and France, even if the British Government were to offer to cancel the French debt and give up its share of the German indemnity, might not agree to the proposed conditions. All the same, it is obvious enough that something drastic will have to be done to escape from the financial morass into which the country is sinking. It is evident that a strong body of influential and thinking Frenchmen disprove the militaristic policy of their statesmen, although as yet, few would go so far as Anatole France, who, in an appeal to his fellow countrymen, issued early in August, said, "What have we done with our Allies? What has become of our friendships? Not one remains to us. We have worn them all out by arrogance, our suspicious temper, and by a bellicose ardour that one is surprised

to see surviving so long, and so cruel, a war." I would be the last to join those who bitterly reproach France for her present attitude and doings, for her sufferings have been infinitely greater than those of her Allies. She is still terribly afraid of Germany, and deems that she can only be safe if she keeps the Germans permanently crippled. Yet, it is becoming clearer every day that there is no chance of French economic and financial recovery until Germany, too, recovers. At the same time, French statesmen are by now quite convinced that they can expect no military help from Great Britain or the United States, and must therefore rely entirely on their own military resources. As these are limited they are anxious to keep Germany so broken, that they alone could defeat her if she attempted to regain her lost position by force of arms. Perhaps the French people themselves do not realise the desperate financial position in which their country is to-day. When they do realise it they will no doubt insist on the prompt abandonment of those warlike enterprises which are at present increasing the annual deficit, and are piling up mountains of debt.

Albania Defies the Allies.

No sooner was Essad Pasha out of the way than the Albanians set to work and drove out the Italian forces, which had occupied much of their country. Italian workers showed themselves violently opposed to further military ventures, and Giolitti, like Lloyd George, a politician to his finger tips, made a virtue of necessity, and announced that Italy had no intention of occupying Albania, or of fighting the Albanians. But at the same time, the Italian Government is insisting on the setting up of an autonomous Albania, has returned, that is, to her old policy, which aims at preventing any other power getting a foothold on the Adriatic. It had been agreed between the three Allies, Greece, Serbia and Bulgaria, when they went to war with Turkey, that Albania was to be divided between Serbia and Greece, the dividing line being the

Skumbi River. Austria refused to permit this, and was backed up by Italy and Germany. France and Russia at first supported the Serbs and Greeks, but were not willing to go to war in the matter, and therefore gave way, and an independent State was set up, which disappeared during the war. Italy secured a mandate over Albania, but, finding it impossible to take possession without great military preparations and the expenditure of much money, has thrown it up on the condition, however, that neither Serbia nor Greece is allowed to get a foothold in the country. Thus, in Albania, as in Turkey, a paper settlement has proved worthless. Months were spent in adjusting boundaries and fixing frontiers, but when it came to putting the decisions made into effect, the Allies had no force at their command to do it, and yet another scrap of paper is torn to shreds.

Solutions for Ireland.

The British Government continues to drift towards more drastic military action in Ireland, and fails to show any sign of being able to cope with the present situation. Lord Grey and Mr. Asquith have, however, both put forward suggestions for a settlement. The former declares that "Irishmen must be as free as the peoples of the great self-governing dominions to settle for themselves how their country is to be governed," and, to give them time to come to an agreement with each other and draw up a scheme, the British Government should continue to perform as best it can the function of government in Ireland for a period not exceeding two years; but, at the end of that period, or sooner, if Ireland is ready, it will withdraw, and the responsibility for the government of Ireland will be one for the Irish themselves. Mr. Asquith urges that Ireland should be given the status of an autonomous dominion, in the fullest and widest sense, including a separate army and navy, and fiscal independence. Irishmen welcome Lord Grey's proposal as a step in advance, but declare that no good can come of it unless English Government in Ire-

land is radically altered. Mr. Asquith's proposal is being severely criticised, as being in effect a complete surrender to Sinn Fein, and Lloyd George took exception to it chiefly on the ground that if Ireland were given control of taxation, she would not contribute her share of the war debt!

An Irish Republic at Work.

What would people say, he exclaimed, if business men in Ireland had to pay only 2s. income tax, while English business men had to pay 6s.? How would British workers feel if they had to pay 8s. per lb. on their tobacco, whilst their fellows in Ireland paid only 6d.! If the Prime Minister can find no better arguments against granting Ireland Dominion Home Rule, his case is indeed a poor one. First of all, how does he know that Ireland will not help pay interest on the war bill? Australia and Canada pay theirs, but as far as I know there is no heart burning at home over the fact that in Australia the income tax is far lower than it is in Great Britain. Even if Ireland refused to pay anything, and helped not at all to meet the interest bill, a contented Ireland would be cheap at the price. At present the attempt to hold Ireland down costs a good deal more than her *per capita* share of the annual interest on the war debt, which would be about a tenth of the whole, something under £20,000,000. Mr. Asquith's proposal may appear to be surrender to Sinn Fein, but it actually is a recognition of a state of affairs already in existence. The point which is barely glimpsed out here, or for that matter in England itself, near as it is to Ireland, is that an Irish Republic actually exists. Ireland has a democratically elected Parliament, with a Cabinet responsible to it. In the Volunteers, it has both an army and a police force. It has established courts, with benches of magistrates, before whom the great majority of litigants now bring their disputes. The constitutional machinery which has been set up is complete and efficient enough to secure almost perfect order in the south and west, which has not been reduced to chaos by the military and the police.

Dublin Castle Interned.

The foundations of this state, which has come into actual existence, have been laid by hunted men—men who have in most cases been able to dodge rifle, tank and machine gun. Ireland has been converted into one vast British garrison town, but in the very heart of it all the time, the spirit of a new life has been at work, giving birth to institutions binding the people together. How many people realise that every County Council outside Ulster has transferred its allegiance from Westminster to the Irish Republic? Last year the Republic was besieged. This year it is the besieger. Last year it was a theory living on sufferance. This year it is a living and successful fact. Last year the Republic was interned. This year it is the officials of Dublin Castle and the police who are interned. The British Government is engaged in reconquering Ireland, or attempting so to do. It is not primarily concerned in suppressing crime, for it is fully aware that it has only to withdraw its soldiers and its police, and crime will stop. What it is trying to do is to suppress the efforts of the Irish to substitute a Government they like for one they do not like. It is admitted that there has been an amazing transformation in the west of Ireland since the Irishmen set their hands to the task of national reconstruction, but the British authorities prefer chaos to an order not produced by themselves. They suppress Sinn Fein courts, and, being unable to arrest ordinary thieves and law-breakers, are arresting Republican police, who have been bringing these same thieves and law-breakers to justice. They apprehend a Sinn Fein magistrate, for instance, on the charge of having sentenced men proved guilty of theft, to terms of imprisonment, and arrest the Mayor of Wexford for presiding over a Sinn Fein court, which was settling a dispute by arbitration. They even issue solemn warnings to gentlemen acting as Sinn Fein magistrates, who have ordered the shutting of public houses at an earlier hour.

G.B.S. on Ireland.

Whilst the Irish courts are active, and the Republican police are hunting down real criminals, the judges who are administering English law in assizes, quarter sessions and petty sessions, have practically no cases before them. At many of the assizes during the last few months the court opened and closed with a speech by the judge on the lawlessness in Ireland! Apart from politics Ireland is actually more law-abiding than usual for her own jurisdiction has been directed to many anti-social habits, and has largely suppressed them. George Bernard Shaw recently visited Ireland, and was astonished at the order he found there. "The people are pleasanter than ever; they seem to have had a weight taken off their minds. That weight must have been the presence of the police. Formerly I never strolled through an Irish country town or loitered on an Irish pier as a stranger without presently finding myself accosted tentatively by a police officer.

. . . In Ireland I was a suspected person, like everybody else.

Well, from the Dublin City boundary to the sea, at the south-west corner of Ireland, I did not see a policeman. The once ubiquitous R.I.C. officer has vanished from the earth, and everything seems to go on just as well without him. I asked what would happen if I broke a shop window, or fell on the passers by, and robbed them with violence. I was told that the Sinn Fein Volunteers would take me up, and put me in prison for an appropriate period. I was assured that they had constables and officers and commissioners, and the like of that, and I inferred that I had better be careful. I behaved myself, and so did everyone else. The Castle purposes, it is said, to put an end to this state of things by suppressing the volunteers. How this is to be done by a force which has itself been suppressed is not clear; but the general disposition is not to worry, and sardonically to wish the Castle joy of its job."

The Channel Islands and Ireland.

We are assured that Dominion Home Rule in Ireland is impossible, first, be-

cause of the differences between North and South, accentuated as they are by the religious question, and, second, because an Ireland over which Great Britain had not control would be a jumping-off ground for a possible invader. What invader threatens Great Britain is, of course, not specified! The same reasons were brought forward long ago in the case of the Channel Islands. In those days there was real danger that England might be invaded by the French. Not only were there Roman Catholics and Protestants living there, but the matter was complicated further by the fact that there were also two separate languages. Yet, these Islands enjoy now—have long enjoyed—complete independence. They administer their own native laws, and control their own excise and customs. They coin their own pennies, vote their own rates and taxes, control all matters of education, and even have their own weights and measures. There is, however, no Dublin Castle, filled with alien officials, nor is political blood-poison possible in a country which makes its own laws. The Sinn Feiners are at present administering the Irish Brehon law, but the British Government desires to force its own laws on the country. Yet it permits the Scotch to have their own code, allows the Manxmen to administer Manx law in the Isle of Man, suffers the Channel Islanders to rule themselves by the old Norman French laws. Ireland is, in fact, the only part of the Empire which suffers English law administered in the interests of the larger Island, regulated and worked from outside. Malta, Egypt, India, British Guiana, the Dutch Colonies of South Africa, French Canada, all enjoy their own laws. If the British Government allowed Irish Law to run in Ireland there is no doubt that one of the chief causes of Ireland's troubles would be removed.

Farmers and World's Parity.

The farmers of Australia have, during the war, enjoyed wonderful prosperity. Never before have prices for wheat, wool, butter, meat, hides and

produce generally been so high. It is, of course, obvious enough that a drop in prices must soon come. The wheat crops of Canada, the United States and India, are large. There is a heavy carry over in Argentina, and agriculture in Europe is finding its feet. In addition, General Wrangel, in order to justify the support he is receiving from France, is already beginning to export wheat from the districts of South Russia he now controls. Roumania has, too, an exportable surplus. As far as wool is concerned, there are not only heavy stocks in Argentina, but the warehouses of Great Britain are crammed with supplies. The fall in prices has already begun, and, excepting in certain grades, must continue. But, even the lower prices which will rule next year will be far in advance of those which obtained before the war, and, by comparison, the farmer will still be in a happy position. Of course, though prices will be higher than formerly, permanently higher probably, the purchasing power of money is much lower. It must necessarily be lower, owing to the fact that primary products cost more. It is difficult to forecast what is likely to happen, but it certainly seems a very shortsighted policy to demand the world's parity at a time when prices must soon drop. The idea is, of course, that wheat, wool, meat, butter, and the rest, shall only be sold in Australia at the same price they are fetching in European markets. That is to say, instead of being able to buy wheat for making flour at 7s. 8d. the bushel, the Australian miller would have to pay the same price for it, less freight, which the English miller is at present having to pay, viz., 15s. a bushel. This would, of course, compel a further rise in the price of bread, and would increase the cost of living to everyone in Australia. So with meat and wool.

Cannot Have It Both Ways.

Let us suppose the parity price were allowed, what would be the position of the farmer here when, owing to Russian, Roumanian and Argentina supplies being available in huge quantities

the price of wheat fell in London to say, 2s. 6d. a bushel? If he only were able to get the parity price in Australia he would probably stop growing wheat altogether. The thing cuts both ways. Surely it would be far better to fix a price for Australia, which would not penalise the Australian consumer. If this were done, no matter how high wheat went on the London market, the Australian housewife would pay no more for her loaf, no matter how low it fell in England, the Australian farmer would still get the same for his wheat here as he did when prices at home were soaring. The farmer cannot get it both ways. He must be prepared to get very little for his wheat in Australia later on if to-day he insists on getting the world's parity. He cannot get high prices now, and expect later on to have an artificial price created for him. On the other hand, it is only reasonable for him to ask that, if he is obliged to sell his grain in Australia, now at a price much below world's parity, he ought to be guaranteed a fair price when, later, the drop comes, and be allowed then to sell his wheat in Australia at a fixed figure, which might be considerably higher than world's parity.

Labour's Victory in Queensland.

The Queensland elections have, as anticipated, given the Labour Party a substantial majority. Apart from the labour victory the feature of the election has been the submerging of the Nationalists, and the winning of no fewer than 20 seats by the Country party. Mr. Theodore can rightly claim that the people of Queensland have endorsed his Government's policy, and have approved the legislation which got him into such hot water in London and prevented his obtaining money there. Presumably, with this endorsement behind him, the Premier will proceed to raise money by heavy taxation, designed to fall on those who have amassed wealth during the war. What form this will take has not been definitely stated, but the Queensland Government can easily find examples

in Europe of how war-wealth has been acquired by the State. In Italy, for instance, the Giolitti Government has simply confiscated *all* war profit. The British Government was satisfied with taking 75 per cent. of it during the war, but the Italian has gone a good deal further. Those in Australia who have won great fortunes from the European cataclysm, owing to the high price of wool, meat and wheat, have hitherto escaped very lightly indeed. They are exempt from the War Profits tax, and have only contributed through the income tax to the Commonwealth and State exchequers. Had they been in England, they would have had to give three-quarters of their gains to the Government. Had they been in Italy they would have been obliged to hand it all over. I argued, in an article some time ago, that the profiteer was actually a benefactor to the nation, acting as a pool, or lake, where wealth could accumulate. He was not culpable, nor ought he to be shot or hung, as Mr. Hughes once suggested. The blameworthy party is the Government, which, with the lake of wealth at hand, refused to dip into it.

Broken Hill Dispute Ends.

Two labour dispute references to the special tribunals so favoured by Mr. Hughes have ended the way most people thought they would. The coal-miners have been granted an increase in the hewing rate, and the Broken Hill workers have had an all-round concession made to them, starting with an increased wage and shorter hours, and ending with liberal compensation to the sufferers from occupational diseases. The mines are to be re-opened. That is being done with an ill grace. Not that the mining companies were not prepared to meet the men more than half way, but because they felt that an altogether unduly liberal award had been made, especially in respect to the matter of compensation. No one has ever dared to avow that the men at Broken Hill failed to earn a high wage, or that

their conditions were more onerous than on the ordinary Australian mining field, but the men have been led to feel that they were not participating to the extent they thought fair in the high profits earned during the war. Hence, the determination shown in their strike attitude, the demand for labour away from the field helping them to maintain their resistance effectively until State intervention could be secured. Their co-optors and supports were the coal-miners of Newcastle. These earn as much, and have healthier working conditions than the Broken Hill men. Their ambition is more openly expressed. It is to work the coal properties for the unions. As coal is an essential, they have gained victory easily. Still, it may be Pyrrhic after all. The added cost of fuel outside New South Wales must affect industry, and must also force every State with any variety of coal to take steps to place itself in a position of safety over fuel, as far as is practicable.

WEST AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

Our farmers' avowed intention to demand henceforth the world's parity for the wheat consumed in the State, has raised a storm of protest. Labour is particularly indignant. "If our loaf is to cost us 1s., the moment bread goes up to that price at Timbuctoo, we shall insist on £2 a day, if that becomes the wage at Bulawayo or Archangel." There is opposition to the scheme from among the farmers themselves, who foresee from its enforcement serious trouble. Some sort of compromise is probable. If the public are charged 7s. 8d. per bushel, and the government grants a subsidy of, say, another 2s. 2d., returning the farmers 10s. per bushel for home consumption, all parties should be satisfied. Such a subsidy would put the burden from the shoulders of a section of the community to the charge of the whole of the rate-payers.

The wheat growers can afford to be magnanimous in the matter. Theirs is a rosy prospect this season. The 1,500,000 acres under cereal crops are estimated to yield 14,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 4,500,000 bushels of oats. As the State only consumes about 4,000,000 bushels of these cereals, the export of the surplus will make the "cockies" men of substance.

Mr. C. J. DeGaris, the well-known publicity expert of Mildura, has bought 50,000 acres at Kendenup, on the Great Southern Railway, 40 miles north of Albany. He proposes to cut the estate up into 90 acre farms for intense culture of fruit and sugar beet. Hundreds of thousands are to be spent on improvements, a great sugar factory, and irrigation. If the scheme succeeds—and it has capital and the right type of men behind it—it will mean a big step forward in the development of the West.

The latest prospective industry in West Australia, is the manufacture of alkalis, on the grand scale. Brunner, Mond and Co., the well-known British chemical manufacturers, have for some time searched Australia for a suitable location. It is now said that their experts have reported favourably on a site near Bunbury, where the essentials for the industry—salt lakes, limestone deposits, coal and water-carriage—are all present. Needless to say, the manufacture of alkalis would attract kindred industries to the spot.

Another increase of 2s. 4d. a day to the wages of the railways staff has put an additional £300,000 a year on the working expenses. The Commissioner promptly increased the freights and fares. Suburban return tickets are abolished, apprentices pay full fares, country tickets have gone up ten per cent., and so on.

The lumpers at Bunbury have refused to load a Japanese steamer with timber for the Eastern States. They say they desire no "yellow" competition in the interstate trade, because the crews of foreign vessels were not paid

arbitration rates. The agents of the boat assert, however, that its officers and seamen are in many cases receiving the same, or even higher, wages than British sailors. They promptly secured a cargo of timber for New Zealand, so that the only effect of the lumpers' attitude is to divert urgently needed tonnage from Australia.

For the month of September the State's deficit amounts to a modest £10,163, which is some improvement on the position twelve months ago. The trend of affairs is illuminated by the rapid growth of both revenue and expenditure. The income of the State exceeded the previous September by £149,863; the expenses have increased by £106,090.

The fourth annual conference of the Returned Soldiers' League has been sitting in Perth for a week. The round of addresses by Ministers of State, Governors, and other important personages, shows that "The Soldiers' Parliament" is attracting increased attention. Its only important decision so far has been to abolish the District Councils. A motion to favour resumption of trade with late enemy countries was defeated by an amendment to recommend legislation on the lines of a Bill now before the Canadian Parliament, which provides: "That all persons selling articles made in Germany or Austria shall exhibit the following sign: 'Dealers in German and Austrian made goods.' Penalty, gaol."

Perth, usually a backwater of official Australian life, has seen during the past days quite a coming and going of Governors-General. The incoming vice-regal party said nice things about the West for a week; at present the departing representative of the King is waiting here for his boat. The outstanding feature of these visits is the little sensation they cause; only a few years back the passing through of a Governor brought crowds to the wharves or stations. Now only the official classes seem to take notice. Perhaps the public has been sophisticated

by intimacy, with Royalty and victorious generals. At any rate, it gets no longer excited over mere Governors-General.

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

The troubles in the coal mines continue. In consequence, the people of Auckland have been deprived of gas for some time. The apparent causes of the strikes are very petty. Now, it is a dispute about some men who have been dismissed because their job is finished; their mates seem to want them retained, whether there is work for them or not. Next comes a protest against the continued employment of some miners who refused to pay a levy to the Broken Hill relief fund. Then, some men refuse to go to work because they have been turned out of a first-class railway carriage. They say there was no room in the second class; the officials say there was. Such are the disputes in Westland. In the north, the miners want cheap railway fares to and from their work. If the demand is justified, should the railway department or the mine-owners suffer the loss? Neither is willing. State-ownership of mines has not cured the strife. The troubles are largely at the State mines. Clearly the revolutionary ferment is at work. Conservative people cry out for a return to the old ways, with appropriate measures of repression to "put the worker in his place." Others believe the cure for irresponsibility is to be found in more responsibility.

An interesting decision under the liquor laws was given in the Supreme Court on September 21st. The custodian of a private club had been convicted of illegally allowing alcoholic drink to be stored on the club premises in a no-licence district—Masterton. The liquor was kept in the lockers of members of the club. The custodian appealed. The court, by a majority of three judges to two, upheld the appeal, thus making it legal to have drink at the club.

The conditions under which Chinese indentured coolies are being taken to Samoa were criticised by Labour members of Parliament. With 480 coolies there are Chinese wives for only five. One of the objections to the presence of large numbers of homeless Chinese men in the islands is that they tend to corrupt the moral life of the natives. It was explained in Parliament that the reason why so few women accompanied the coolies was that the Chinese Government objected to the women emigrating.

The work of the Plunket nurses—the education of mothers in the care of infants—continues to bear fruit. The infantile death rate for 1919 was lower than ever—45.26—the lowest of any recorded country.

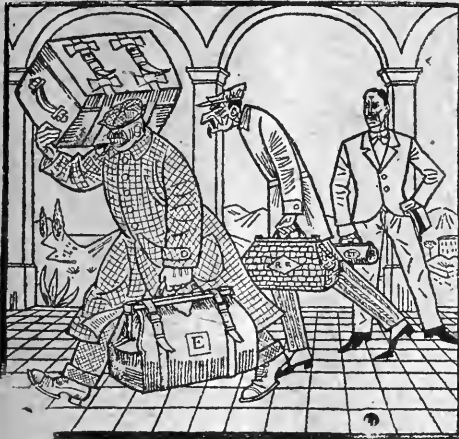
By way of contrast may be mentioned the latest effort of the Government to improve the health of school children. A Bill has been brought forward to make it a crime for parents to fail to have their children treated by doctor or dentist upon the recommendation of a school medical inspector. Parents are protesting, pointing out that often they have not the means to pay for the treatment prescribed, and that the opportunities for free treatment provided by the hospitals and the State are quite inadequate.

A warning to farmers against establishing their own shipping line was given by Mr. S. J. Ambury at the annual meeting of the Auckland Farmers' Freezing Company. He pointed out that the present was a bad time for buying ships, since values were likely to slump heavily. Moreover, it was likely that the ships would get cargoes one way only. He foresees, doubtless, that unless the farmers' line is strong enough to command the trade, it will be boycotted by the Conference lines. This has already been the fate of the Commonwealth Government line of Australia. How much more would a little co-operative company established in New Zealand suffer from the trust's opposition!

History in Caricature.



Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us.—BURNS



Simplicissimus. [Munich.
THE FRUITS OF SAN REMO.

According to Lloyd George, the results were most satisfactory.

Many cartoons dealing with the Conference at Spa are now reaching Australia. The feeling of French papers is indicated by the cartoon from *Le Rire*, in which Lloyd George is shown talking to Marshal Blucher, on the plains of Waterloo.



Le Rire. [Paris.
JUNE, 1815—JUNE, 1920.

(Before meeting the Germans at Spa, Mr. Lloyd George has found it necessary to journey to Waterloo.)

"To whom have I the honour?"
"General Blucher."

The Dutch *Notenkraker* suggests that France's demands are far too high for John Bull's liking, and *Simplicissimus* satirically illustrates Lloyd George's statement that the results of the Conference were most satisfactory. This view is adopted by many of the Continental newspapers. One of the few cartoons in favour of giving Germany assistance appears in *London Opinion*.



Notenkraker. [Amsterdam.

ENTENTE DUET.

JOHN BULL: "No! It's much too high!"



[London Opinion.]

GETTING THE GERMAN PUMP TO WORK.

MASTER NORTHCLIFFE: "Hi, gov'nor, wotcher think you're doing—pouring water into the pump?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: "Don't you know you can't get a disused pump to work without first pouring water down it to wet the sucker?"

Poland figures largely in the cartoon papers. All the neutral European ones strongly criticise the Allies for



[Sun.]

[Pittsburgh.]

A SLOW GAME.

leaving the Poles in the lurch. Some of the English artists appear to imagine that the Poles were really going



[Star.]

[London.]

THE STEERERS: "What's the matter? We're toeing the line."

J.B.: "Yes; but for how long?"

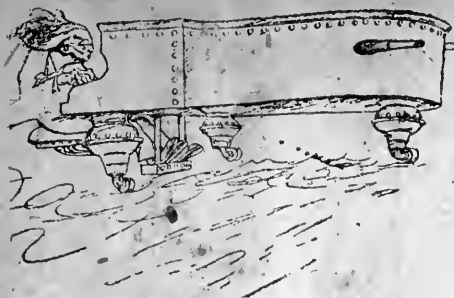


[Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.]

ALLIES AND POLES.

"What? After having had a good hiding, you want weapons! Go to the devil! Beat the Bolsheviks, and then we may let you come back!"



[Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.]

JAN PADEREWSKI MOBILISES.

"Nothing by peace notes. I must bring some sharp notes into the European concert."

to be assisted by Allied troops. The situation is best, summed up by the



[Evening News.]

[London.]

SAYING NOTHING, BUT SAWING WOOD.



[Notenkraker.]

[Amsterdam.]

JOHN BULL (to Russia): "If you don't leave Poland alone, I shall be obliged to strike you."



[People.]

[London.]

GET BACK THERE, OR—

cartoonist of *Notenkraker*, who well shows how impotent the Allies really were.



[Aebelspalter.]

[Zurich.]

THE UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

Chancellor Renner, of Austria, is such a versatile man that, despite his difficult tasks, he has found time to write a new national hymn. It would not surprise us if he next discovered the Philosopher's Stone, and with its help raised the Austrian rate of exchange.



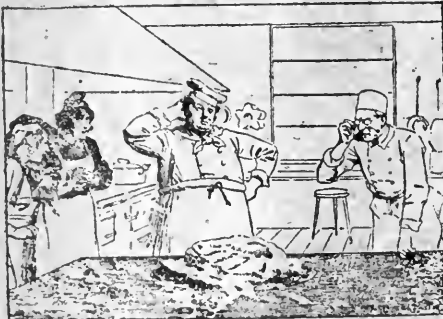
Daily Express.]

[London.

MARS: "What is your destination, Miss?"

PEACE: "Poland!"

MARS: "That's strange; so is mine!"



De Amsterdammer.]

[Amsterdam.

THE CRUSHING OF POLAND.

ENTENTE COOKS: "We had baked that Polish tart with such care, and then it all went like this!"



Daily Express.]

[London.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.



Star.]

[London.

THE "LYNCH" PIN OF EUROPE.



London Opinion.]

NO MORE WAR FARE.

WINSTON THE WAITER: "Do have some of this—it's specially prepared by our Polish chef."

JOHN BULL: "Take it away—I'm fed up."



[s.ar.] THE NEW MAZEPPA. [London.



[Westminster Gazette.] [London.
EVERY LENIN HAS HIS TROTSKY.



[Zurich.
GIOLITTI—THE RESCUER.

Little Italy becomes redder and more ill. After various physicians of reputation have tried their art in vain, papa Victor Emmanuel decided to try the quack doctor, Giolitti. But his recipe is no different from that prescribed by other European doctors. (Recipe:— Taxes, Seizure of War Profits, Raising Exchange Rate, Bringing Down Prices, Increase of Production.)



[Dayton News.]
WHIRLING DERVISH WHIRLING AND
HOWLING AGAIN.



[Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.
THE COUNTER REVOLUTIONARY
RIVALS.

THE GERMAN HORSE: "It was bad enough when they got on one at a time, but now they both want to come together."



"I 'bout had to pull his cussed ears out to get him up to it."



"Now I got to pull his danged tail off to get him out."

[Standard.] [Cortland.
"I 'bout had to pull his cussed ears out to get him up to it."
"Now, I got to pull his danged tail off to get him out."



[Passing Show.]

[London.]

THE PROBLEM.

JOHN BULL: "For Heaven's sake give that infant what he wants."

NURSE DAVID: "I would if I only knew what it was!"

Winston Churchill comes in for much attention by English cartoonists, the majority of whom evidently deplore his warlike tendencies.

A large crop of cartoons, both English and European, deal with the Irish situation. David Low has many on the subject, one of the best being reproduced on this page.



[De Amsterdammer.]

[Amsterdam.]

FASTENED TO HIS LEG.



[Notenkraker.]

[Amsterdam.]

THE IRISH QUESTION.

JOHN BULL: "Be still, you wretch! What will the neighbours think?"

De Amsterdammer shows John Bull with Ireland as a bomb fastened to his leg, and *Notenkraker* shows him endeavouring to keep Ireland quiet, fearful of what the neighbours will think. *The Passing Show* very cleverly hits off the situation. There is no doubt that if the Irish could agree amongst themselves, whatever they asked for would be granted by the British Government.



[Star.]

[London.]

THE SORT OF BIRD THAT DOESN'T FIND LAND.

MEN OF MARK.

THOMAS G. MASARYK: PRESIDENT OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Of the great leaders produced by the war all save two, possibly three, were already well known before it broke out. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Foch, Beatty, Hindenburg, Grand Duke Nicholas, and all the other soldiers and sailors, whose deeds have made them famous, were already distinguished, had already reached positions of authority in the world. The two most remarkable men the turmoil in Europe has thrown to the top are Lenin and Masaryk. Neither owes his present dominating position to the success he had already achieved in politics or military affairs. Both have won to the headship of great nations by their individual talents and marvellous capacity of securing the co-operation of their fellows and the love of their peoples. If we omit Lenin, there is no doubt that Masaryk is the greatest man of New Europe.

His gigantic labours in bringing first his own people into line behind him, and then in inducing statesmen in the United States, England, France and Italy to recognise Czecho-Slovakia as an Ally, have borne magnificent fruit, but it is impossible for us to realise what Masaryk went through before he was triumphantly elected President of the new republic, which had been carved out of the old Empire of Austria-Hungary. We do not know that on at least two occasions, when things looked blackest for the *Entente* Powers in the war, Masaryk could have made splendid terms with Germany and Austria, which would have given his country practical independence, and have secured him rank and power as the head of it. This steadfast idealist, however, scorned the offers, and went on his direct way, turning neither to right nor left, struggling manfully towards his goal quite re-

gardless of his own personal welfare or advancement. Browning's lines have been applied to many men, but Masaryk has demonstrated by his actions during the war that they most fittingly describe him. He was indeed one—

Who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward.

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph.

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better, sleep to wake.

Future generations will look with reverence to Masaryk, just as generations of Americans have looked to Washington. He is indeed the father of his country. Although he did not fight on the stricken field, like the American liberator, he fought as truly for his country in the council chambers of London, Paris and Washington. The Bohemia leader has much in common with the American. Simple, dignified direct, pre-eminently a leader of men. Masaryk, however, is a man of immense learning, a scholar whose books are read all over Europe, a professor whose classes were always crowded to the doors. It is not surprising that such a man should again and again, during his long career, have jeopardised his whole future, have alienated his people by acts which he believed right, but which were so unpopular as to bring him into disfavour and disrepute. He would never bargain with his conscience. If he thought a thing wrong, he said so with simple directness, and counted not the cost. Whilst this made him at times intensely disliked it demonstrated his transparent honesty, and showed him to be, above all others, a man who could be implicitly trusted. Had this trust in him not existed, he could never have united the Slovaks and the Czechs—could never have got the different fac-

tions to agree to make him head of a provisional government, charged to negotiate with the Allies.

When the war broke out Masaryk was professor of philosophy at the Czech University in Prague. He was also a member of Parliament, and leader of the small industrial progressive party he had created, and which, while not so extreme as those of the workers, was more radical than those of the middle classes. The best proof of the way in which the Austrians formerly underestimated him is given by the fact that they allowed him to leave the country, and to return thereto without interference during the early months of the struggle. It was only in December, 1914, that his activities aroused their resentment, and even then he was able to escape to Switzerland without much difficulty. Had the Austrian leaders realised what power he had latent in him they would surely have seen to it that he had no opportunity for making any trouble. Four years after fleeing across the frontier the professor returned in triumph as the first President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, hailed with wild enthusiasm as the father of his country by over 10,000,000 people. He is indeed one of the greatest figures in the new Europe the war has produced.

Masaryk is a Slovak, his father having been a native of Kopčany in Slovakia, which belonged to Hungary, and his mother coming from a Germanised family of Hustopeč, a town on the Moravian plains. He was born at Hodonin, a town on the Moravian border, on March 7th, 1850. His father was a coachman, and worked usually on the Imperial estates, where the Hapsburgs hunted and enjoyed themselves, and the peasants toiled and slaved, hopeless of ever owning the land they cultivated. Masaryk went to a Czech school, where he soon became the star pupil. He then went to a German "Real Schule"—there were no Czech high schools permitted in those days—and at thirteen decided to become a teacher. He was too young, however, to enter the normal school, which

did not accept pupils under sixteen. To fill in the time he was sent to Vienna and worked in the shop of a locksmith, in which family his mother had once been a servant. Becoming homesick he returned to his parents, and was apprenticed to a blacksmith, his father wishing him to take up that trade for a living. The expostulations of his former teacher prevailed, however, and he was allowed to go to the "gymnasium" at Brno. There, supporting himself by giving lessons to less advanced, but more wealthy, fellow scholars, he won general distinction. Amongst other things he learned Polish so well that it became almost a third "mother" tongue to him.

The professorial staff at the gymnasium objected to his radical ideas, and especially to his religious views. He called the principal a "contemptible wretch" for insisting: "To confession you must go. I do not believe in it either, but I am an official, and must do my duty." The result was that he had to leave, and went to Vienna, graduating with honours from the gymnasium there. He had, meanwhile, learned Russian, and paid his way by teaching it. He took his degree as doctor of philosophy at the University of Vienna, and then went to Leipzig for a year. There he met an American—Miss Garigue—whom he married, in 1878, in the United States. Masaryk is a strong believer in the equality of women. "Women, he said, "shall be placed on an equal footing with men politically, socially and culturally," in the new Republic. It was entirely typical of him, that when he married Miss Garigue, he calmly added her name to his own and, from being Thomas Masaryk, became Thomas Garigue Masaryk.

When the University of Prague was divided into two parts, German and Czech, in 1882, he joined the professorial staff of the latter. There he accomplished many years of sheer scholarship, but also interested himself in affairs. Many generations of Czechs and Slovaks passed through his hands, and he acquired an astonishing

influence over them, which later stood him in good stead.

But his activities brought him into disfavour with the powers that were. He was hated by the Church, punished by the State, and all but disowned by the national leaders, because of his criticisms of their programme, and owing to his having thrown doubts on the genuineness of the famous manuscripts of Kralove Dvor and Zelena Hora. This, it was true, was really a scientific matter, but the exposure of the fraud was bitterly resented, as these manuscripts were greatly treasured by the Czechs. On top of this, he took up the defence of the Jews, who were accused of ritual murders, and acquired much odium thereby. In fact, in the 'nineties, Masaryk was probably the most misunderstood and most hated man in Bohemian public life. He wrote a treatise against suicide, and was called the philosopher of suicide, who put a revolver in the hands of the young. He attacked religious indifference, and patriots joined the leaders of the church in declaring him to be a godless man. He expounded the philosophy of Czech history, and was publicly regarded as a traitor to Bohemia, an internationalist, who demanded that the Czech nation should throw in its lot with the Germans, and so on, and so forth. But his directness, truthfulness and determination to do the right thing, no matter at what cost, were slowly making him a leader amongst the more deeply thinking patriots, and in 1900 they started what was called later the Realistic Party, which set to work to carry out his programme.

During the last 20 years Masaryk was better understood by the people. He distinguished himself—and won much popularity—by exposing the methods employed by the Austrian Foreign Office in the famous Jugo-Slav lawsuits, which formed part of the systematic attempt of Vienna to destroy Serb influence in Austria and Hungary. He also lectured extensively up and down Bohemia and Moravia, and thus became known to the people themselves.

At a time when the fortunes of the *Entente* appeared at lowest ebb, Masaryk penned his manifesto, in which he demanded the complete democratic dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, and committed Bohemia irrevocably to the side of the Allies. But he was unable to induce the *Entente* leaders to recognise that he spoke for Bohemia, could not get from them a single word on which his countrymen could rely for the future. It was not until the war had been raging for two and a-half years that Masaryk was able to get definite promises from the Allies. In fact, there was no enthusiasm shown until after the Russian revolution had brought the Czecho-Slovak troops into prominence.

At Kieff, the provisional President visited the Czecho-Slovak unit, which had fought with the Russians against the Austro-Germans, and learned of the liberal terms which the enemy had offered them. He addressed them as follows: "At one place in the world it is still possible to die with many comrades, fighting Germans. That place is France. Turn your faces eastward. Cross Russia. Cross Siberia. I will try and have ships for you at Vladivostock. And, on the West Front, if the Allies perish, you perish. But if the Allies win, then you will have the only Bohemia ever truly a Bohemia—a Bohemia not autonomous under the Hapsburgs, but wholly independent, with a government all its own." The Czecho-Slovak army did what Masaryk told it to do. It set out on its long journey that night. Its doings, as it traversed Russia and Siberia, form one of the epics of the war. It was the only stable force the Allies could rely on against the Bolsheviks, and when, disgusted at the deeds of Koltchak, it left him to his fate, the anti-Bolshevik movement in Siberia collapsed at once. The last boatloads of these brave men are only now reaching Europe, close on two years after the war ended! But it was Masaryk who turned them eastwards, and the Allies were not long in realising how great had been the help he thus gave their cause. It was not

until the end of 1916 that the Allies definitely committed themselves to the liberation of the oppressed nations in Austro-Hungary. It was directly due to Masaryk that the French Government inserted the word Czecho-Slovakia into the manifest^o issued at the time. It was only after Masaryk visited Washington, that the United States finally abandoned the idea of preserving Austria-Hungary, and consented to its dismemberment.

An American, writing of him, says: "His austerity, if he were not so unobtrusive about it in daily life, might be heavy to bear for those about him. Drinking, smoking, card-playing, anything that savours of the lures of the flesh, seems to be quite outside his interest. Yet, he is indeed altogether gracious about it. He sits amiable and kindly in the midst of men who are offering themselves up as sacrifices to alcohol and nicotine, and it seems to be only at rare intervals that it even occurs to him to suggest to other people that they should be Puritans. Accordingly, in coming to know him, one does not see for quite a while, that he is himself a Puritan, and more than a Puritan in self-denial. One does not know that one has met an ascetic. One sees only a very dear and very charming old gentleman, smiling oddly, with the smile

of a boy, from the height of his age and authority. . . . To see this man is to feel and know that in him there is a great store of achievement and knowledge. But not a fountain. A sort of magnetic mine in which you could not help digging. Only in his gravity, only in the perfectly tragic and therefore perfectly serene sadness, which lived in his eyes, could one see the man who suffered, and the nation which for five centuries has every year and every day suffered from the Austria, never better described than when it was called 'assassin of the spirit.'"

This is the man, though he has already passed the allotted span of three score years and ten, who has been unanimously summoned by his people to guide them through the troublous times which have followed the establishment of the republic, the winning back of that freedom they lost so many centuries ago. The constitution which the people have adopted is largely his work, and is regarded as the finest any country possesses. Under his rule it is confidently expected that the new republic will be solidly established, and will be started on right lines, which will bring it prosperity, happiness and power. All this it will owe to Thomas Garigue Masaryk—in very truth, the father of his country.

GIOLITTI.

At an age when men are supposed to have lost the power of thinking, except in terms of the past, the Italian Prime Minister is called upon to solve problems that demand, above all things, forward vision. The workers in many industries in Italy have seized the factories, and are trying to establish the Soviet system. They have armed themselves, and built warlike defences. The owners of the factories demand that the forces of the State be used to eject the workers, by bombardment if necessary. Premier Giolitti calls a conference, hears the disputants wrangle for three hours, then tells them that it is impossible to expect an agreement; he will take the responsibility of deciding the

dispute himself. He feels the necessity, and, he declares, he has the strength. Giolitti is 78 years old.

Compromise has always been the secret of Giolitti's power. If it is possible to find in compromise a way out of the present storm, he is the man for the task. He refused to obey the demand of the employers that he should fire on the factories, which the men had seized. If there was to be any bombarding, he said, "be sure I will begin by bombarding *your* factories." It is easy to imagine how this rebuke would delight the other side. Yet, it probably meant nothing. We can be sure, rather, that Giolitti will avoid by all possible means any resort to fire

and sword. If he does use force, it is likely to be on the side of the present regime of capitalism in industry, and monarchism in politics. Already the peasants who seized the royal estates near Naples have been dislodged by military action. The talk of bombarding the works that are still in the hands of their legal owners, does not fit in with the saying of a leading Italian journalist, that Giolitti's return to power is the last effort of the Conservatives. Others call him the hope of the Liberal *bourgeoisie*. No one calls him a Bolshevik, or even a revolutionary.

The fact is, Giolitti's rule is itself a compromise. The financiers and industrialists in Italy saw clearly that the revolutionary movement had gained too much headway to be checked by the ordinary legal measures. Either there must be revolution or—Giolitti. The veteran had a record of popular reforms to his credit. He had in 1902 put an end to the persecution of the Radicals, had introduced freedom of organisation. Universal manhood suffrage was of his making. His opposition to all war ventures, including Italy's entry into the world war, gives him a standing among the international Socialists. With such antecedents, Giolitti might possibly be able to win over the extreme revolutionaries to moderate ways. Otherwise a catastrophe seemed certain. Not only the propertied classes, but probably the Italian people in general welcomed the return of the veteran, as holding out a last hope of peace. The outcome is yet to be awaited.

Giolitti's political career has been one of alternations between the heights of honour, and the depths of disgrace. One year the head of the Government, with a "fame for honesty," the next he was a fugitive from Italy with criminal charges lodged against him; a few years later he was back in office with higher popularity than ever. When the war came, his nation and the world cried shame upon him for his refusal to commit Italy to the conflict. And now, old as he is, the nation appeals to him again.

A disinclination to take up the sword, an almost Oriental disbelief in the power of violence, seems to have been a characteristic of Giovanni Giolitti from early years. He was at the fiery age of seventeen when the war of liberation began in 1859, but he took no part in that fight nor in the following struggles to unite the Italian nation. Instead of seeking a hero's cross, he studied diligently, and worked hard as a public official. At the University of Turin, he won the honour of laureateship in jurisprudence. He was only 24 when he attained a position in the legal world, somewhat similar to that of a King's Counsel. At 27 he was given a post in the Ministry of Finance. "As an official," says a hostile biographer, Helen Zimmern, "he proved excellent—zealous, and above all punctilious.

His tasks were always well accomplished, and yet were never distinguished by originality or genius." She quotes with approval another writer, who declared him "a terribly commonplace man." The fact remains, that he rose steadily through all grades of office to the highest. He was purely an official up to the age of 40, when he was first elected to Parliament. That fact accounts in large measure for his outlook and his methods. He has always been at great pains to keep the officials on his side. Often he has retired voluntarily from political office, knowing that, with the loyal support of the bureaucracy, he could make and unmake Ministries at will.

In 1889, at the age of 45, Giolitti became Minister of Finance. After a short term out of office, he was made head of the Government in 1892. But as his power increased (Helen Zimmern tells us), his "fame for honesty shrivelled." An ugly scandal arose around the national bank, the Banca Romana, whose funds were alleged to be used for purposes of political corruption. Three officials of the bank were condemned to prison for fraud, and Giolitti himself was accused of suppressing documents needed for the trial. He fled to Berlin. He appealed against any action being taken against him in the criminal courts.

claiming that such charges should issue from Parliament. The Appeal Court granted his claim; Parliament sent the case to the law courts. But there was still a way of escape. Giolitti announced that he had suppressed the documents because they might have implicated a certain exalted personage. The case was then dropped. It remains a mystery to this day. King Humbert, against whom the hint was plainly directed, would never again receive Giolitti. We are left to wonder whether we should admire the statesman who suffered ignominy and exile in an attempt to save his sovereign, or whether we should despise him for using the King's name in the end, to save himself.

Three years later, in 1898, Italy entered upon a period of famine and turbulence, which culminated in the assassination of King Humbert in 1900. Giolitti's opportunity—or should we say, his call to duty—came out of these disturbances. Before his disgrace, he had been associated with the party of the Left, though he was not esteemed a thorough Radical. He now came forward to oppose the harsh measures the Government was taking against Labour organisations and Socialists. He stood for freedom of organisation and freedom of speech. He won the support of the Labour party by promising these reforms, and he kept faith. His hostile biographer admits so much: "The Ministry of 1902 constitutes the only golden page in Giolitti's career. . . . The subversive factions were no longer persecuted. There were no more violent repressions of strikes in favour of capitalists, no interdictions of workmen's associations. Instead the Government stood aside neutrally in quarrels between Labour and capital, allowed the red flag to be carried in Socialist processions, favoured the creation of Labour unions, and labour exchanges, and encouraged the co-operative movement."

From that time until 1914 Giolitti was uncrowned king of Italy. Others who held office during that period did so by his favour. He was strong enough to

choose his colleagues from all parties—Socialist, Clerical, Conservative. He thus gained a following that was dependent entirely on his personal support. His methods were not above reproach. They were the methods followed by party politicians in every land, but carried out more thoroughly, more cleverly. "Giolittism" became notorious. Dr. E. J. Dillon described the process in an article written in 1915—an article much warped by war-time bias:—

The theory of Giolittism was to seize the reins of office by means of corruption, and to exercise the power thus obtained for the purpose of preserving it. It was power for power's sake, without regard for political principles, and with a cynical contempt for public morality. "First bread, and then virtue." . . . Every mayor in the cities and towns, every member of the judicature was dismissed in favour of friends and creatures of the dictator. Now and again, by way of recruiting his health, evading a crisis, or maintaining a shadow of parliamentary government, he would provoke an unfavourable vote, or else resign on the plea of physical unfitness, and retire to Cavour, in Piedmont, to play cards with the local clergyman, and indulge in freedom from cares of state. During these intervals the government was nominally carried on by a political friend, or a neutral politician, who received the support of the Giolittian majority, so long as the prefects and mayors were left at their posts, and no reform bill of importance was laid before the Chamber. (Nothing incensed the Giolittists against Salandra and his Cabinet more than the dismissal or transfer of a few prefects or sub-prefects, although the motives that prompted these measures were alien to politics.) But the moment new elections became necessary, the Dictator invariably returned to office and "presided" over them, with the invariable result, that his majority was upheld.

In order to retain his power, Giolitti had at times to compromise. He was opposed to the war for possession of Tripoli, but he consented to it, believing that he could not withstand the public demand. In internal policy, too, he shaped his course according to the winds of popular favour. He overthrew the Luzatti Ministry for attempting to widen the franchise, and then himself passed a far more drastic measure, granting universal manhood suffrage.

In March, 1914, the dictator retired,

again leaving a stop-gap ministry in office. But when the war came, the new Prime Minister, Salandra, refused to do his bidding. Giolitti, though he had been head of the Government, when the Triple Alliance was renewed in 1912, did not go so far as to favour entry into the war on Germany's side, but strongly urged a policy of neutrality. But the feeling of the Government, and of the people tended more and more in favour of joining the Allies. In the early months of 1915, the contest was waged fiercely between the two factions. Giolitti won concessions from Austria, and held out hopes that Italy could gain even more without entering the war. In spite of popular demonstrations, he seems to have hoped right to the end to keep to the course of bargaining for the best price obtainable for Italy's neutrality. But the Allies made Italy tempting offers for her active help. The feeling in the country grew more pronounced. Students car-

ried a coffin through the streets with the legend, "Here, thanks to Giolitti, lies Italy's dignity." To the eleventh hour Giolitti worked with the German Ambassador to induce the King to refrain from declaring war. But he failed. The cry of "Banca Romana" was raised again, and the old man went back to his home, more in disfavour, if not more in disgrace, than when he was under the menace of the criminal law.

Giolitti has come again. But, like statesmen in many other countries, he faces difficulties almost—perhaps quite—beyond human power. He is making a courageous effort to solve the labour troubles; he is seeking to re-establish financial security by imposing heavy taxes on the wealthy, and in foreign policy he has acted quite typically in yielding to the Socialist agitation against the war with Albania, and in recognising Soviet Russia. But much remains to be done. And Giolitti is 78.



THE REPUBLIC OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Situated in the very centre of Europe. Four times the size of Belgium, with a population of 10,000,000.



Italy Evacuates Albania.

On August 2nd a treaty was signed between Albania and Italy at Turin. It provides for the evacuation of the country by the Italian troops. An exception is made in the case of the Island of Saseno, where the Italian troops remain. They also continue in possession of Scutari in the North. The agreement provides for the evacuation of Valona, and for the transfer of the town to the Albanians, "with the least delay possible."

A Franco-German Commission.

The French and German Governments have set up a Commission which is to arbitrate in cases of dispute which have arisen between French merchants and German authorities, owing to the application of the German regulations concerning imports and exports in the occupied territories. The Commission consists of three Germans and three Frenchmen. It does not concern itself with individual cases, but with the general difficulties which have arisen owing to the substitution of the German regulations for the free trade arrangements which the Allies set up immediately after the Armistice.

Bela Kun.

Bela Kun recently escaped from Austria, and got on board a transport conveying Russian war prisoners back to Russia. He travelled under the name of Grunberg, and had several companions with him. The German authorities, apprised of his presence, caused the transport to return to Stettin, and removed him to prison, on the ground that, not being a war prisoner, he had no right to be on board the steamer.

After waiting for several days for instructions about him from the Hungarian Government, and receiving none, the Germans liberated him, and he was allowed to continue his journey to Russia.

Strike to Stop War.

The three main questions which were before the International Miners' Congress at Geneva, in August last, were: (1) that all miners should have a six hour day, with quadruple shifts; (2) that all mines should be nationalised or socialised; (3) that in the case of an aggressive war threatening, miners in all countries should at once declare a strike, with the object of preventing it. The last two proposals were agreed to unanimously, but the question of a six-hour working day, was referred to a committee. The Germans were very anxious that the proposal should be adopted, but the French pointed out that in some countries miners wished to work over-time, and that the proposal should be more thoroughly examined before being adopted.

A Disastrous Experiment.

Under the Karolyi Government in Hungary, the tramway company of Buda-Pest and the Electric City Tramway were both nationalised. The results have been disastrous, and the two companies are now burdened with a debt of 200,000,000 crowns. Money has, however, not been spent on the permanent way and rolling stock, which are now in a shocking condition. The Government is now in the embarrassing situation of having to return the tramways to the former proprietors. Some idea of the estimation in which business

men regard the Hungarian situation may be gathered from the fact that German and English insurance societies have followed the example of the American companies and entirely stopped operations in the country.

N.Z. and South Africa.

In view of the action of the New Zealand Government in Samoa, and the proposed action of the Commonwealth Government in German New Guinea, it is interesting to find that the Government of South Africa, although it had the right to confiscate all private property in German South West Africa, considered that it would be more generous not to avail itself of those rights, and it has decided to leave private property alone. The Government was not certain about the concessions granted to Germans in the Territory, but decided that, if the titles of these were proved, they would be untouched. The diamond mines dividends in South West Africa, which had accumulated during the war, would be taken by the Government as a loan for 30 years at four per cent.

The Road to Wealth.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau recently estimated that his novels brought him in about £3000 each, but comic-song writing, to which he is turning his hand, may reward him even better. The comic-song that succeeds in hitting the popular taste proves a veritable goldmine for the owner of the copyright—not always, unfortunately, for the author. "Her Golden Hair was hanging down her back," in one year of universal vogue, earned £20,000 for author and publisher, whilst "The man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," "The Rowdy-dowdy Boys," and "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," yielded tens of thousands a year. The returns from "Queen of My Heart," totalled £40,000 in one year. And nobody need mind the publicity. The names of comic-song writers are soon forgotten.

Latvia and Russia Make Peace.

A Treaty of Peace between Latvia and the Soviet Government of Russia was signed on August 12. Russia un-

conditionally recognised the independence and sovereignty of Latvia, and renounced all sovereign rights formerly held over the Latvian people and land. Both parties to the Treaty agreed to make no claims for war costs. Russia promised to restore to Latvia the property of the latter taken by Russia during the war, and undertook to hand over 4,000,000 roubles in gold (£400,000) within two months from the ratification of the Treaty. Latvia was freed from all responsibility in regard to Russia's debts, and was granted a forest concession of about 150,000 acres. A special clause is to the effect that Latvia must not charge higher freight rates over her railways for Russian goods than those charged on goods of other countries. Diplomatic and consular services are to be established as soon as possible.

Black Troops on the Rhine.

American women in Berlin recently made strong protest against the use of black troops in the occupied areas. They pointed out that the Allies, by introducing blacks into Europe and placing them in authority over whites, were seriously jeopardising the safety of whites in Africa and elsewhere where black men are living. They issued a strong appeal to white women to protest vigorously against the use of black troops on the Rhine. The French papers have naturally defended the stationing of such troops in the occupied territories, and bitterly resent the criticisms to which France has been subjected in the matter. They declare that the war had bled France "as white as veal," and that her appalling death roll makes it impossible for her to use only white troops. They point out further that the black soldiers are not guilty of anything like the atrocities which were committed by the German occupying soldiery in Belgium and Northern France. It is exceedingly unfortunate, however, that they found it necessary to use these black troops, as it has accentuated the bitterness of the Germans towards the French—a bitterness which they do not feel towards the British, American and

Italian troops, which are occupying their territory.

Jews in Poland.

Although the Poles themselves have won freedom, they have not given it to other races living in their country. This is specially the case with the Jews, against whom a very bitter feeling exists. It is a rather significant fact that the report of the British Commission sent to investigate the Jewish massacres was withheld for months by the British Government, and, when at last given out, was not published in full in any of the newspapers of the English-speaking world, despite the fact that full text was supplied to many of them. This report disclosed the fact that not only had Jews been killed and ill-treated, but that they found it exceedingly difficult to get any share of Government distributed food, or to obtain employment in Poland. This is borne out by the semi-official announcements from Warsaw, that Jewish emigration from Poland is taking place on a large scale. No fewer than 250,000 Jews have registered themselves for emigration, a vast majority wishing to go to the United States. They mostly belong to the pauper class, says the Warsaw report. Jews are also going in great numbers from Poland to Palestine, but the type is entirely different. For the most part, these emigrants are young, full of enthusiasm and vigour, anxious to assist in the foundation of a new Jewish State. Several ships laden with emigrants for Palestine have already left Dantzig, and thousands of Jews, so it is said, are waiting transport to the new State.

How South Africa Treats Germans.

Holding that to hand over German property to the Reparations Commis-

sion would practically mean confiscation, the South African Government decided recently to take charge of German assets itself. As regards the property of Germans who were not domiciled in South Africa, the Government proposes to keep within the terms of the Peace Treaty. All German debts to nationals of the South African Union would be deducted. This would require £500,000. The property of nationals of the Union, held in Germany, would either be repaid by Germany, or be repaid out of the money held by the custodian of German property. To allow for this, another £500,000 would be held by him. Its claims for damages against the German Government—£100,000 only—would also be deducted from this fund. The total amount to be deducted would, therefore, be something like £1,100,000. This left in the hands of the Custodian a sum of £9,000,000. The Government proposes to pay four per cent. on this sum, dating back to the time when it had come into the hands of the Custodian. Instead of handing the £9,000,000 over to the Reparations Commission, the Government considered it to be in the best interests of South Africa to act more generously. As, however, there was no guarantee that, if the money was sent to Germany, it would ever reach the proper owners, the Government had decided to take the £9,000,000, plus interest, as a loan to South Africa, for 30 years, at four per cent. Certificates would be issued, but these would be untransferable for five years, in order that they should not get into the wrong hands. General Smuts declared that by acting in this manner the South African Government had shown itself to be the most generous of any country in the world.

The Government of the Bahama Islands has issued an Order in Council prohibiting the killing of flamingoes. This "bird of beauty and mystery" was being rapidly exterminated by the sponge fishermen, who used it for food. In 1901, there were 20,000 birds on the Islands; there are now fewer than 7000.

The traffic in the Kiel Canal is now within 80 per cent. of what it was before the war. Formerly, it was used almost exclusively by German ships, but now American, Japanese, Grecian and other vessels are constantly to be seen in the waterway. Timber from Sweden and Finland is the usual cargo carried by these ships.

A Talk About Prohibition.—III.

Searcher for Information.—Supposing continuance is carried at the coming election, would the Licences Reduction Board still be able to continue its work?

Prohibitionist.—Although it goes out of existence as the Licences Reduction Board, it remains as the sole licensing court. If continuance is carried, that will mean that there will be no further reduction in the number of licences granted in Victoria. If reduction is carried, the Licences Reduction Board, as the court, will give effect to the determinations; but we have to remember that the voting is not for the State as a whole, but each electoral division votes separately. A vote in favour of continuance in any one division would mean that in that district, there can be no further reduction of licences.

S.—Is it necessary to have a three-fifths majority to carry continuance?

P.—A bare majority suffices. To carry no-licence, there must be a three-fifths majority. If no-licence does not obtain that majority, then the no-licence votes are added to those which have been cast in favour of reduction, and if the two together have a bare majority over the votes cast for continuance, then reduction is carried.

S.—Were you not in error, in the last issue of STEAD'S, in stating that the compensation fund was raised by a levy of £3 on every £100 of liquor purchased on licensed premises?

P.—That was it originally, but it was altered in 1916, and in lieu of licence fees, licensed victuallers and holders of railway refreshment rooms and packet licences pay 6 per cent. on the gross cost of the liquor they purchase. Licensed grocers pay 4 per cent., with a minimum of £26. Sellers of Australian wines and clubs pay 4 per cent. The holders of spirit merchants' licences pay a fee of £25, plus 4 per cent. on sale to non-licensed persons. Vignerons are charged a fee of £5. There are other

sources of income, including the fines for breaches of the law, and proceeds of the sale of confiscated liquor.

S.—Is the whole of this fund used for compensation purposes?

P.—No. The first charge is the cost of administering the Licensing Act. Formerly, municipalities used to collect the licence fees, but these were collected by the Government after 1885—an allowance being made to municipalities to recoup them for the loss of the fees. This is a diminishing charge; last year it amounted to £69,532. The Police Superannuation Fund received £23,000 as a set-off against the fines paid by publicans. The whole of the balance is available for compensation. Owing to the higher duties, the cost of liquor has been increased, and, consequently, the income of the fund has grown considerably. This year, after making the deductions mentioned above, there was £95,000 left in the fund, of which it is anticipated that £20,000 will be left after meeting this year's claims.

S.—Supposing no-licence were carried, would any compensation be paid?

P.—The law provides for the continuance of the compensation under the plan by which the liquor trade finds the money, as explained above. It does not, however, provide for the contingency when the reduction is so drastic, that the remnant could not bear the burden.

S.—What would happen in that case?

P.—If the fund cannot meet the compensation claims from the ordinary income, the State Treasurer is empowered to make a levy upon the licensed victuallers, who are to remain. That is to say, that if no-licence were carried in half the electoral districts of the State, a levy could be made on the licensed victuallers in the half which had not gone dry, to provide the necessary compensation. Three months is allowed, within which the payment can be made. If it is not forthcoming, the defaulter's licence becomes void without compen-

sation. It is improbable that no-licence will be carried throughout the State at the coming election, but, if it were carried in so many districts that the licensed victuallers remaining were so few that they could not possibly provide the necessary funds for compensation, it is probable that the State Parliament would make the necessary provision. Three years hence, when the matter will again come up for decision, special legislation with regard to a simple majority for the State vote on the whole, and for compensation will, no doubt, be passed.

S.—In the last issue of *STEAD'S*, you stated that the statutory number of licences for the whole of Victoria was said to be 1667 in 1907. What is it now?

P.—An Act was passed in 1916 to postpone the local option poll, which should have been taken in 1917. It also abolished the statutory number of licences, which had been established in 1885. This Act was in effect a State-wide determination for reduction, and since it was passed, no fewer than 304 hotels have been delicensed by the Licences Reduction Board, many of these being in districts where the number of licences is already below the statutory number.

S.—Will there be any rule to guide the Licences Reduction Board, supposing reduction is carried?

P.—Rules are already laid down. Each class of licence must be taken separately. The maximum reduction is one-fourth of the existing number. The following table shows the minimum and maximum reductions.

No. of Licences in District.		Must Cancel.		May Cancel.
1 to 3	..	0	..	0
4 to 7	..	1	..	1
8 to 11	..	1	..	2
12	..	1	..	3
13 to 15	..	2	..	3
16 to 19	..	2	..	4
20 to 23	..	2	..	5
24 to 27	..	3	..	6
28 to 31	..	3	..	7
32 to 35	..	3	..	8
36 to 39	..	4	..	9
40 to 43	..	4	..	10

S.—Supposing no-licence is carried in a district, how much grace do licensees receive?

P.—All the licences in the district would become void on the last day of this year. Compensation need not be paid over prior to the date of the expiration of the licences.

S.—Is it really a fact that the reduction of licences which has automatically increased the trade of bars still open has caused the compensation value to go up also?

P.—It is generally assumed that that is the case, but actually the maximum compensation value on all returns has been fixed upon rents and profits prior to 1906.

S.—Is it not probable that there will be a very strong vote in favour of reduction?

P.—There may be many determinations for reduction, due to no-licence votes being added to those recorded for reduction, and thus making the bare majority required.

S.—Do you regard prohibition as a religious question or a political one?

P.—I regard it as neither. It is a social question, and neither religion nor politics ought to enter into it. Unfortunately, they both do.

S.—Some doctors condemn alcohol, and others advise its use. In countries which have gone dry, is it possible for a doctor to obtain alcohol for a patient?

P.—It is possible for alcohol to be obtained from a chemist on a doctor's certificate, just as it is now possible on a doctor's certificate to obtain certain drugs from chemists which they are not allowed to sell to the public.

S.—Is it not true that a man's life might be saved if he were able to be given spirits in an emergency?

P.—You are thinking of the poster—"A Drop of Brandy Would Have Saved Him." It is possible that in some rare cases, a man's life might be saved by some stimulant, but it can be convincingly shown that indulgence in such stimulants is responsible for many thousands of deaths every year, and the odd cases in which lack of stimulant at a critical moment caused death are alto-

gether outweighed by the disastrous results of the too great indulgence in such stimulants.

S.—Some of the churches are taking a leading part in the prohibition campaign. Do they not use wine for sacramental purposes, and would they be able to obtain it if prohibition were carried?

P.—In cases where the use of fermented wine for sacramental purposes is regarded as essential for this religious rite, its use would be permitted just as stimulants may be obtained on a doctor's certificate, when deemed necessary. In America, section 6 of the Volstead law enforcement code provides for the manufacture, sale and accessibility of sacramental wine.

S.—You say that prohibition is not a religious or a political question. Do you approve of churches being used for prohibition meetings?

P.—That question is hardly germane to our discussion, but personally, I have not the slightest objection to churches being used for meetings where questions of public interest are discussed.

S.—In his pamphlet entitled, "Czar Alcohol," printed in Australia, Mr. H. R. Bowles states that "Russia, America and the South of Ireland have each dealt the death-blow to the demon alcohol." Could you tell me what steps the South of Ireland has taken towards this?

P.—The Sinn Fein Government appears to have prohibited the consumption of liquor in Ireland, but as it is not recognised by the British Government, its laws are, of course, not enforced by the occupying troops. Still, it appears that, like other laws it has passed, it is being voluntarily carried out by the people. As far as Russia is concerned, there is not the slightest doubt that the prohibition of the sale of vodka and other spirits directly benefited the country, and increased the efficiency of the workers. This was especially the case in the agricultural districts, where, when vodka could easily be obtained, the peasants rarely worked on Saturday, Sunday or Monday. The manufacture and sale of vodka were a State monopoly, and it was, therefore, very

easy to stop both. It is interesting to recall that the Russian Government, when it introduced prohibition, lost a direct revenue of no less than 503,904,000 roubles (over £50,000,000).

S.—Can national prohibition be enforced in Australia by a majority of the States, as was done in America, or would the matter have to be submitted to referendum?

P.—The Commonwealth Constitution leaves each State at liberty to deal with the matter as it thinks fit. If all the States but one carried prohibition, they could not compel that one to go dry.

S.—In America, when individual States carried prohibition, the Federal Government enforced postal laws whereby the postage to such States of liquor, and of newspapers containing liquor advertisements, was prohibited. Would the Commonwealth Government enforce similar legislation, supposing Victoria were to go dry?

P.—That is a question to which no definite answer can be given. The probabilities are that, if one of the States were to go dry, the Government of that State would approach the Commonwealth Government in the matter, and regulations similar to those which were enforced in the United States, would be enforced here.

S.—I have been looking up the revenue derived from customs duties on stimulants, and excise on beer and wine, and find that the figures you gave are not accurate.

P.—The figures I gave were for 1917-18. Last year the amounts received were higher, and this year they will, no doubt, be more still. The point I made though was that the £7,000,000 which the liquor people claim as contributed voluntarily every year in taxes, applied not to Victoria alone, but to the whole of the Commonwealth, and that, in a campaign confined entirely to Victoria, to give the impression that if no licence is carried in Victoria there will be a loss of £7,000,000 is wrong. For 1918-19 the excise on beer and spirits received by the Commonwealth was £3,961,200; the customs duty paid on

stimulants in that year was £1,454,667. The total the Commonwealth Government thus received from the liquor people was a direct contribution of £5,415,867. The licences paid to the six States of the Commonwealth last year amounted in all to £515,233, so that altogether liquor paid to Australian Governments the sum of £6,031,100. No doubt, it paid the £7,000,000 claimed by the liquor people during the year ended on June 30th, 1920.

S.—Then you admit that, if prohibition were carried, extra taxes would have to be levied on the people in order to get the £7,000,000, which would be lost, owing to the prohibition of the sale of liquor?

P.—You will recall, no doubt, that, although I questioned the £7,000,000, I pointed out that, if it were correct, Victoria's share on a capital basis, would be £2,300,000 annually, and that even this would be divided between the Commonwealth and the State. To say that £7,000,000 will have to be raised by special taxes if no-licence is carried in Victoria is, to say the least of it, misleading. In this connection, it ought to be pointed out that this £7,000,000 we hear such a lot about, is not paid by the liquor people, but is paid by those who consume the liquor. As always, when customs duties are put on, the price to the consumer is increased, so, too, when excise duties are raised. It is the public generally which contributes £7,000,000 to the Commonwealth and State Governments, not those who manufacture or import liquor. If the people themselves were unable to buy liquor, they would be in a position not only to contribute the £7,000,000 customs and excise charges, which they now pay to those who sell liquor (who in turn hand it on to the Government), but would also have in their pockets the money they now spend on drink.

S.—Supposing prohibition were carried in all the States, what would be the annual loss in revenue of those States?

P.—That is difficult to say, as it is impossible to estimate the amounts hotel-keepers, brewery owners, hop and vine

growers pay to the State Governments in income taxes. These are some of the people who we are told will be utterly ruined if prohibition comes into force. We do, however, know the exact amounts received for licences by the various States. This is the only direct contribution they obtained from the sale of liquor. I have already mentioned that the total amount received was £515,233. The figures for individual States in 1918-19 were:—

Licences: New South Wales, £167,359; Victoria, £179,338; Queensland, £85,054; South Australia, £28,706; West Australia, £40,324; Tasmania, £14,452.

S.—Is it actually a fact that, if continuance is carried, it will be impossible to reduce licences?

P.—Yes, that is so. If continuance is carried, it means that the number of licences already existing in that district are to continue; there can be no reduction.

S.—Looking at it altogether it seems to me that the chief argument of the liquor people is that in a democratic country such as ours everyone ought to be free to do what he or she likes, and should not be dictated to even by a considerable majority of the people. If prohibition is carried, it seriously interferes with the liberty of a great section of the community.

P.—That is so. But your argument is not a very sound one. We submit to dictation by courts of law, which interfere with the liberty of the individual to do whatever he likes. Majority rule has been regarded as truly democratic, in that it substitutes the will of the people for the will of an individual. You never used a similar argument when you were on the stump for conscription; yet, a bare majority of the people of Australia might have sent every man of military age to fight in France, whether he wanted to or not. You thought that right enough, but you think when three-fifths of the people demand the closing of bars, and the stopping of the sale of liquor, that this is not right or democratic. What is sauce for your conscription goose is not apparently sauce for my no-licence gander!



No fewer than 12,000 firms are exhibiting at the Leipzig fair.

The Danish State Railways have placed an order for 10,000 tons of coal in China.

Last year, Canada's apple crop amounted to 3,334,660 barrels, worth £6,750,000.

The Chilean Minister at Berlin is engaging German workmen for the Chilean mines.

The amount of sugar produced in Czecho-Slovakia this year is estimated at 700,000 tons.

The Brazilian Government has allotted large areas to Italian and German immigrants.

Eight thousand Swiss entered the French army, and fought during the war; 7700 were killed.

In accordance with the Peace Treaty, the demolition of the fortifications round Mayence has been carried out.

The Indian wheat crop is estimated at 10,061,000 tons this year—a third more than was obtained in 1919.

The production of sugar from beet this year in the United States is expected to be over 7,000,000,000 lbs.

Mademoiselle Boland flew a machine across the English Channel in August. She is the first French lady pilot to do so.

The last British troops left Allenstein in East Prussia, at the end of August, after the taking of the plebiscite.

The Canadian wheat crop this year is estimated at 262,338,000 bushels, as

compared with 193,260,000 bushels last year.

The Canadian Government has approved an expenditure of 40,000,000 dollars on highways in Quebec and Ontario.

Workmen at Kiel have agreed to a reduction of wages, the first case in Germany of such reduction being effected.

The summit of Snowden, in the Lake District, was sold in August for £7520. Mr. Gladstone climbed the mountain in his eightieth year.

The Swedish Red Cross recently sent 150,000 crowns to Geneva towards the cost of repatriating prisoners from Europe and Siberia.

An Argentine Company has sold Germany 500,000 tons of maize, and a Dutch company has purchased 1,000,000 tons for the Germans.

The value of the German mark has greatly depreciated lately. On September 30, the rate quoted in Australia was 212 marks to the £ sterling.

The Norwegian Parliament has recently adopted legislation for the control of industrial matters, similar to that devised by the German Government.

Negotiations between Vienna and Prague to bring about a financial settlement were successful. The Convention drawn up was ratified in August.

Direct taxation in Italy during the financial year, 1919-1920, produced 7,270,000,000 lires—no less than 1,854,000,000 more than in the previous year.

The Alandish Lundsting has issued a statement denying the remarks that it has been negotiating with Russia on the question of the future of the Aland Islands.

The Department of the Belgian Government, charged with the re-victualling of the country, has been sending supplies to Germany in exchange for railway trucks.

Colonel House, President Wilson's confidential advisor, and one of the American Peace Delegates, is acting as European correspondent to *The Philadelphia Leader*.

France and Italy have contracted for the delivery of 35,000,000 tons of American coal, during the next five years; 500,000 tons are to be exported monthly in 50 boats.

Up to the middle of July, more than 100 people in Dresden had fallen victims to the sleeping sickness. Forty of these people had died, and 24 had fallen into the death sleep.

Strong protest has been made to the Allies by the German press against the arbitrary suppression of German newspapers in the Palatinate, which is at present occupied by the French.

The new land laws of Bulgaria limit agricultural holdings to 74 acres. Each proprietor must cultivate his own land. The large estates are being divided up by means of compulsory purchase.

Baron Franckenstein, the newly appointed Austrian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court, of St. James, arrived in London from Vienna in August last.

The Russian Soviet Government has ordered 1000 locomotives from the Swedish firm of Nydquist and Holm. It is rumoured that Russian interests have acquired control of this firm.

The twelfth Esperanto Congress was held at the Hague in August. There were 400 delegates present, including representatives of the Italian, Spanish, Bulgarian and Dutch Governments.

Cloth suits made of horsehair were being sold in London for six guineas a suit in August. Makers say that horsehair cloth is the hardest wearing material that has yet been discovered.

A novel method of strike was recently adopted in Turin. Instead of leaving their work, the tramway men refused to collect fares on certain parts of the line. The same method is to be tried elsewhere.

France's loan from the United States falls due this month, and she is, apparently, not ready to meet this. Her agent, M. Bamantier, is proposing a new loan at eight per cent., with repayment in fifteen years.

The first foreign trade records of the new State of Poland are appearing. The export trade is very meagre—only 8136 tons, between November, 1919, and January, 1920. Imports for the same period were 156,571 tons.

Owing to the high wages being offered in Cuba, large numbers of artisans are migrating there from Jamaica, with the result that Government work and industries in the British island are being seriously interfered with.

The German Government having protested against the huge cost of the upkeep of the occupying troops in German provinces, the Reparations Commission, after examining into the question, fixed the payment at seven francs per day per soldier.

The recent elections to the Danish Diet gave the Moderates 22 seats, the Socialists 15, the Conservatives 11, the Radicals 4, and the Industrialists 1. The Radicals lost six seats—three to the Moderates, two to the Conservatives, and one to the Industrialists.

The recently concluded arrangement between Italy and Germany provides for the delivery to the former of 180,000 tons of coal a month. Of this supply, 100,000 tons will come from Upper Silesia, 60,000 tons will be lignite briquettes, and 20,000 tons will be Ruhr coal.

M. Esnault Pelterie, the well-known aeroplane manufacturer, who invented the control-lever, known throughout the British Empire as the "joy-stick," is claiming over £1,300,000 from all aeroplane makers who have used his invention without permission, and without paying him remuneration for it.

A NEW ENGLAND—WHEN LABOUR RULES.

During the war men did not claim exemption from conscription on the ground that they had invested their money in war loans. Few, if any, would have dared to suggest that the service of their investments absolved them from the call to personal service. Why not apply the same principle in peace time?

Such is Mr. J. H. Thomas's argument for compulsory labour. Continuing his sketch in *Pearson's* of the reconstruction of England under Labour Government, he wipes the idle rich off the picture. He says that, while it is preposterous that men able and willing to work are sometimes deprived of the opportunity, "it is a still more preposterous thing that there should be men fit and able to work yet permitted to live in idle luxury. . . . Anyone who contributes nothing to the well-being of the country is essentially a parasite." Wealth can only be provided by labour.

Capital has no creative power; it cannot build a steam engine; it cannot assemble the parts of a motor car; it can invent absolutely nothing. It brings its owner affluence by feeding upon the brain power and the muscular power of other people.

The reply to all this is obvious, but Mr. Thomas does not go very deeply into the subject. Nor does he suggest the most radical remedies. While he seems half inclined to adopt the Bolshevik maxim, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," still, he would not abolish property rights altogether. When Labour rules, capital will still be allowed to receive some return, but its interest will be limited, and workers by hand and brain will receive a "more equitable" share of the wealth which they create. So says Mr. Thomas, but it is quite notable that he does not quote as evidence in proof of his contention what has actually happened "when Labour rules" in Australia. And Labour in Australia has held out even fairer promises.

Coming to the relief of distress, he has better opportunity of appealing to Labour's actual record. He claims for

the workers "the right to rest," as well as the right to work. And he can certainly point to abundance of Labour legislation designed to increase the workers' leisure. He gives a prominence to the subject of pensions that seems rather out of place to the colonial mind. Colonials have heard of, and perhaps met, the type of Englishman that gloats over a job with a pension attached. But they tend to despise people whose ideal is a restful old age. The need of pensions for the aged is recognised, but Australians have no visions of "fifteen years of happy activity," after retirement at 60—under Labour's benevolent rule.

Mr. Thomas has something more constructive to suggest in regard to the State's care of the "unfit." He protests against compelling the afflicted to "accept a starvation wage in employments where efficiency is ignored so long as labour is cheap."

The analogy of the war still holds good. If men are totally incapacitated by fighting to save the life of their country, it is recognised to be the country's duty to provide for them; if they are incapacitated only for the particular work in which they are skilled, it is recognised to be the country's duty to train them for such work as they can best perform.

Surely, he says, the same principle should apply to those who have been incapacitated while serving their country in industry.

If by losing a limb a man can no longer follow his calling, the State must train him for another calling which he can follow; if a man's health is threatened, say by unsuitable indoor work, and he has not the ability to perform any other work, the State must help him to get the necessary ability. Not only fairness to the worker, but the good of the State demands this.

The difficulties of assuring to every worker the "right to work" are hardly noticed in Mr. Thomas's article. Instead, he takes pains to explain the action of certain trade unions in refusing to permit returned soldiers to enter their trades. He argues that this is a necessary measure of self-defence, and

does not involve any denial of the soldiers' right to work:—

The industrial history of the country provides plenty of evidence to justify the workers going warily in the matter of absorbing unskilled adults into their industries. Unemployment in the past has been the joy of the employer's heart, for it has meant cheap labour, and, but for the strength of trade unionism, it would mean exactly the same to-day in every industry in the land.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers is roundly abused for not supporting the training of disabled men for the engineering and metal trades, and, at the same time, *The Labour Gazette*, an official publication, shows that the number of ex-service men receiving the unemployment pay as engineering and foundry workers is between 32,000 and 33,000.

What, then, is the explanation of this demand for the acceptance of new and untrained labour in this particular trade? The answer is provided by no less an authority than the Minister of Labour: "A substantial number of women and girl substitutes who replaced men joining H.M. forces were being retained, *mainly on account of the lower wages required.*"

It is not the right to work which is exercising the minds of the capitalists—it is the right to get cheap labour, and this is one of the great "rights" of the past which will be brought to a very unceremonious end when Labour comes into power.

Meanwhile, it seems, Mr. Thomas has forgotten about those returned soldiers who are not to be trained for that particular trade. He promises that under his compulsory labour scheme men are to be allowed to choose what work they shall do. But he seems to find it hard

to apply this principle, or the principle of "right to work," even in the case of these few thousands of soldiers who wish to work as engineers.

This article leaves us with the "right to work," as a pious aspiration, and nothing more. Indeed, Mr. Thomas makes so little effort to solve any of the serious problems of to-day, that one cannot wonder at the workers turning to less moderate leaders.

In a comparison of the social worth of a crossing sweeper with that of a hereditary capitalist, Mr. Thomas is almost indiscreet. "To-day," he says, "the man who lives upon the investments of capital, created by the hard work of his forbears, has an altogether better existence than the man who sweeps the streets, and clears away the refuse; but the latter is more deserving of a good time, for he earns his living by his own labour, and by the performance of a highly essential service; surely it is a wrong and scandalous thing that this man's life should be poorer than that of a man who has never done a day's work in his life?"

"You may say that the road-sweeper would not appreciate a higher standard than that which he has at present; probably not, immediately. But, given the means and the leisure, and the opportunity to acquire a finer standard, he would, in the natural course of things, grow to appreciate and demand it."

HOW ENGLAND TREATS IRELAND.

Many people consider that the attitude of the Irish towards the British Government is altogether unjustifiable, and are perfectly convinced that Great Britain has treated Ireland liberally and with great consideration throughout the whole chapter. Those who believe this should read the article by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, in *The Nineteenth Century*. In exceedingly moderate language, this exceptionally well-informed and experi-

enced Irish journalist gives a brief account of what he calls the "Irish Malady." Temperate as it is, it is yet damning in its indictment of Great Britain. After reading it, we understand better why Irishmen, not only in Ireland, but the world over, refuse to consider any compromise the British Government may suggest, and demand complete independence.

Mr. Rolleston is himself a convinced

Unionist, not a Sinn Féiner, or a Home Ruler. Orangemen, therefore, may read what he has to say, convinced that he puts the whole sorry business in as good a light as possible. He attributes the failure of the Union solely to the fact that it has never been impartially, or even honestly, administered by any British Government. He contends that the traditional policy, which devised the legislation of the eighteenth century, still manifests itself in the present relations of the two countries. This policy deliberately aimed at preventing Ireland from becoming a possible rival in commerce and in industry to Great Britain. In proof of his contention, he recalls the furious protest against the proposed relaxation of the Irish commercial code in 1778, which drove Edmund Burke out of Parliament for daring to support a very moderate reform, and compares this with the outcry which was raised by the English motor industry, against the proposal to start a branch of Mr. Ford's motor car factory in Cork, in 1916. Both outcries were inspired by the same latent hostility to Irish progress.

The heart of the trouble lies in the fact that while nominally a partner in the Union and actually a full sharer in its burdens, Ireland's interests have too often been regarded as something alien and remote, something to be attended to only when forced by one means or another on the notice of the Legislature, and not identified as a matter of course with those of Great Britain.

A striking instance of this feeling towards Ireland occurred in 1897; when the Conservative Government brought in a Bill which relieved landowners of a certain proportion of the poor rate which bore unfairly on them; but Irish landowners were expressly excluded, for no reason whatever, apparently, except that they were Irish!

Twenty years later we have the same story again in a different setting, and under a Liberal Government. In the winter of 1918, after the Armistice, the War Office returned to a landowner in Co. Dublin certain lands which had been compulsorily taken from her for public objects. When returned, they were found to have been very seriously deteriorated, to the extent, as sworn by a valuer, of

£2,500. The owner applied for compensation; it was refused; and she sued the War Office, the case coming before the Master of Rolls on December 13th. The War Office denied liability on the express ground that although, under the regulation by which the lands were seized, there was a statutory provision for compensation, this provision applied to Great Britain alone. *It was expressly provided*, said Sergeant Matheson, counsel for the War Office, *that that was not to apply to Ireland*. The plaintiff therefore learned, and all Ireland with her, that, although she as a taxpayer and citizen must pay her share of compensation to an English farmer, whose lands were commandeered, there was no reciprocal obligation—the War Office might take her lands by force, treat them as it pleased, and deny all liability on the simple ground that she lived on the wrong side of St. George's Channel! It was a trifle, no doubt, this little item: a wrong, among the many wrongs inflicted, often perhaps unavoidably, in the stress of the world-conflict. But it is far from being a trifle that a whole people should thus be stamped with the brand of inferiority and disqualification.

This is, of course, a minor incident, but plenty of similar cases can apparently be cited. Mr. Rolleston has some cutting things to say about the manner in which successive British Governments have handled the question of education in Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George himself said in 1910, that the condition of Irish primary education was "a scandal to the Empire." The Irish authorities are forbidden to strike rates for primary education; the Treasury supplies the money, as it chooses. The pay of Irish teachers has been wretchedly low; the commencing salary of 3000 male teachers was only £63 in 1917, rising by triennial increments to £64. Of the 7700 female teachers, no fewer than 5700 began at a salary of £50 per year. It sometimes happened that the principal of a school of 200 or 300 pupils in Dublin or Belfast, received only £100 per year. Mr. (now Sir Henry) Duke, when Irish Secretary, raised the beginning salaries for men and women to £78 and £64 respectively. In England, the minimum salaries are £150 for men, and £140 for women. In introducing the Bill to increase salaries, Mr. Duke said:—

"Having regard to their pay he wondered why they did not come over to England in large numbers." This observation was made

by an Irish Chief Secretary, apparently without the slightest suspicion that he was saying anything remarkable, one hundred and seventeen years after the passing of the Act of Union. In that utterance we have actually heard for once the living voice of the system which has brought about the present situation in Ireland.

A national school teacher thus describes the existing state of affairs in Ireland:—

The wretched buildings called schools . . . are in many cases not fit to be used as barns. The furniture and equipment are antediluvian. Crooked backs, hollow chests, and myopia are some of the results to our Irish children. Unclean and insanitary rooms, badly lighted and ventilated, are breeding dens of many diseases, and the degradation of making dust-sweepers of teachers is not good for either moral or religious education.

For secondary education, Ireland gets only £166,500 a year, instead of the £233,000 which ought to be her share in comparison with the expenditure in Great Britain. In addition, in England, the Treasury bears a share of the administration, examination, inspection, etc.; this charge, which in Ireland amounts to £30,000, is paid out of the votes for secondary education.

Mr. Rolleston shows how systematically the policy of preventing development in Ireland has been carried on. He tells how the Cunard Company applied to the British Government for permission to disregard a condition in their mail contract (paid for, of course, by Irish as well as British money), which required their liners to call at Queens-town, going and coming, between ports in the United States and Liverpool. Despite the strongest protests from Ireland, the Government gave the permission, and the steamers ceased to call.

The effect of this was that every emigrant and every letter from Ireland had to go first to Liverpool, and be shipped there for the U.S.A., with a similar delay and expense on the return journey. This stoppage of the mail and emigrant traffic was estimated as a loss to the South of Ireland of £400,000 a year.

A group of Irishmen, finding their protests vain, arranged with the Hamburg-Amerika line to call at Queens-town instead of the Cunarders, but the Foreign Office intervened, and the Ger-

man liners were warned off. That was before the war; but the same policy has been continued.

Quite recently an incident has occurred which appears to throw some glimmer of light on this remarkable and sinister transaction. After the Armistice a movement took its rise in Irish commercial circles for the restoration of direct communication with America. A line of cargo steamers arranged to run between New York and Dublin. The first of them, the *Lake Gretna*, arrived in the latter port in October, 1919. She had in her cargo a consignment of "scale," a substance used in the manufacture of candles, which was shipped to a Dublin firm. When the consignees expected to get their goods, they were informed to their astonishment that the scale would not be delivered unless they consented to pay not only the regular transit dues, but also all the expenses that would have been incurred had the cargo gone first to Liverpool, been transhipped there, and shipped back again to Dublin. The amount was stated—it was 9s. 4d. per ton for harbour dues and portorage, and 29s. 6d. for shipment, not a penny of which had ever been incurred, for the *Lake Gretna* never went to Liverpool at all. The Dublin press tried to get an explanation of this mysterious affair from the local representative of the consigning company. None was vouchsafed. But it was impossible to resist the impression that one had, for once, caught a glimpse of a usually well-hidden hand, which has pulled and is pulling still many wires to the detriment of Ireland, just as in the eighteenth century it moved political parties and wrote iniquitous laws in the full light of day.

There was a great opportunity during the war for the development in Southern Ireland of the industrial energies which had been suppressed by trade legislation of the eighteenth century. Irishmen were anxious that their country should be given the same facilities for the production of munitions which were bestowed so lavishly on manufacturers and working men in Great Britain, and for which Ireland, like Great Britain, had to pay, and they deputed Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, in the matter. He promised that Ireland should have her fair share of whatever was going in the way of expenditure, saying that "every reason in the world, imperial, common-sense and expense reasons, urged that we should turn munitions out in Ireland, if we possibly could do so."

No doubt Mr. Lloyd George meant what he said. But those mysterious forces whose

ancestry we have traced in Irish affairs for two hundred years forbade the execution even of this clear and emphatic pledge. Of the gold of the United Kingdom poured out in torrents for the needs of the army and navy, not only in Great Britain, but in America and far Japan, only the merest trickle, relatively speaking, found its way to Ireland. Existing factories were used for anything they could supply, and Parliament permitted about seven miles of railway to be built, so as to tap one of the Irish coal-fields, but of any attempt to utilise the situation for a general development of industry there is no trace. On the contrary, the arbitrary powers conferred on the Food Controller were used, to all appearance, quite deliberately and purposefully, to depress certain existing Irish industries, in favour of similar undertakings in Great Britain. One of the best and, in social science and progress, most informing of Irish newspapers, *The Irish Homestead*, has given details of some of these performances. In one case a price was fixed on Irish-cured bacon of 10s. per cwt. less than English-cured. No one can pretend that this was because Irish bacon was worse than English, for the former product is celebrated all over the world; in any case, it was no business of the Food Controller's to make such a distinction. The object apparently was to make it more profitable to cure bacon in Great Britain than in Ireland, and incidentally to deprive the Irish bacon factories of a large share of their supply of pigs, for which the English buyer, favoured in this way, could naturally afford to pay more than the Irish. This regulation was a clear violation of the Act of Union, which provided that there should thenceforth be no such thing as discrimination in trade between Great Britain and Ireland. A whole range of similar regulations in regard to butter, cheese, the establishment of co-operative bacon-curing factories, etc., seemed plainly designed in the words of *The Homestead*, to relegate "the Irish more and more to the position of producers of raw material, while the profits of manufacture are transferred from this country to the curers across the Channel."

On August 5th, 1918, Lord French announced, in a famous speech, the intention of initiating a policy of generous economic improvement in Ireland. But no steps have ever been taken to execute that policy.

Instead, we have now a regime of blank coercion and oppression, a regime under which we have seen people forbidden to go to fairs to sell their produce, forbidden to attend the open-air concerts which have been one of the happiest features in modern Irish life, forbidden to study the Irish language, forbidden to hold a customary Christmas sale of Irish handiwork in the Mansion House, forbidden to make enquiries into the material resources of the country. And all this without one ray of hope that even if Ireland were perfectly tranquil and loyal anything whatever would be done towards giving her that position of full equality within the Union which is her manifest right, and the steady denial of which is the real cause of all the present troubles.

Parliament, Mr. Rolleston concludes, is trying at present to settle Ireland by forcing on it a measure which the whole country already detests. Why not give, instead, something that the whole country will welcome—something already granted in name and form, and only needing to be put into effective operation? The true basis of imperial unity is the establishment of such an economic connection as shall convince Ireland that her own interests are entirely linked with those of Great Britain.

Anti-English feeling in Ireland springs in reality from the sense that Ireland has been put by Nature into a corner, and that England has taken advantage of the circumstances to keep her there. She very properly wants to get out. The connection must remain—the problem is to make it honourable and profitable for both parties, and I submit that the way to this end is clear. Clear, but not altogether easy, for it involves the defeat of the powerful commercial ring; it involves making Liverpool and Manchester and Southampton understand that they must not decree for ever the empty desolation of the great havens of Western Ireland.

Nevertheless, here, if anywhere, is the true lever by which this intolerable and shameful load of the Irish problem can be rolled from England. Shall we never see a British statesman who will set his hand to it?

AIR-TRAVEL POSSIBILITIES.

The originator and present controller of the London-Paris airway express, Mr. G. Holt Thomas, tells in *The Nineteenth Century* of the problems he has to face, and of the great oppor-

tunities that seem within easy reach. The most difficult problems are political: The Governments of Europe are so little interested that they will not provide international organisation where

it is obviously indispensable. For instance, there is no recognised system of night lighting that would enable pilots to land in any foreign aerodrome during darkness. This is typical of the inertia of the Governments, and it is in itself important. For the value of aeroplanes, whether for passengers, mails or freights, depends largely on their being able to fly through the night. A few of the main aerodromes have adopted experimental lighting systems. But what is urgently wanted is a uniform scheme for all countries.

It is particularly necessary, in the development of international airways, to study in every way possible the convenience of those business men whose patronage will be the backbone of any such services; and night flying, when really suitable machines can be provided, should have obvious attractions to the busy man, who has long distances to cover, and wants to interfere as little as possible with his day's work. It is not too much to say that in course of time we should be able completely to revolutionise European travel, and to provide the business world with facilities which will be of extraordinary value. It should soon, for instance, be within the powers of the designer to produce a multi-engined aeroplane capable of providing a perfectly comfortable sleeping berth for 20 or 30 night travellers; and, as atmospheric conditions, so far as flying is concerned, are usually at their best at night, a journey by air should, from the point of view of practical comfort, compare very favourably indeed with that of a journey in a railway sleeper. The machine one has in mind would have its motors in a proper engine room, and it would be quite possible to isolate this compartment, so that the passengers were not troubled by any continuous roar of motors. A big, powerful machine, such as this would be, should not be tossed about by the wind-gusts which affect smaller craft; one might, indeed, make a night journey in such a machine with far greater comfort than in any land or sea vehicle.

The chief merit, of course, of any airway journey by night would be the speed attained. A London business man, entering the night air mail after dinner, and flying through the hours of darkness, should arrive by breakfast time next morning at cities as far distant as Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, Danzig, Warsaw or Copenhagen.

This is no novelist's dream, the writer assures us. In fact, it would be easy of attainment if only the necessary international organisation could be effected:

If Governments move in unison, each providing and equipping its own section of the

main traffic way, and if aerial transport companies of the various countries concerned meet together and decide upon a definite design for a really practical night-flier, this enormous acceleration in transit can be obtained without any financial difficulty or strain. It is simply and solely a matter of organisation, and concerted action.

Other problems, those of mechanical efficiency and safety, and those of comfort for passengers, have been met successfully. In the latest London-Paris air express, there is positive luxury. It has a perfectly appointed Pullman saloon, in which there are arm-chair seats for eight passengers. Behind them, in a separate compartment, sits the pilot. This machine, with its full load, including fuel for several hours' non-stop flying, will move through the air at a maximum speed as great as 125 miles per hour. By the introduction of a sound-deadening partition between the motor in front of the machine, and the passenger saloon, it is made possible for the passengers to converse with one another. Heretofore, the noise has been so loud that the passengers have been reduced to the necessity of dumb-show acting.

It is surprising to hear from this authority that aeroplane flying can be made as trustworthy as any other form of commercial transport. Rough weather has almost ceased to be a serious obstacle. The greatest hindrance the weather offers at present is mist or fog. But mist and fog "represent just those conditions which, when science and organisation come fully into play, are most susceptible to treatment, in the sense that, with a well-organised system to help him, the pilot should, in a very short time, be able to fly through weather which at present, owing to the lack of such organisation, is considered too risky." Even under present conditions the record of the London-Paris service shows a very fair measure of trustworthiness. Out of 1103 scheduled flights, 1027 were accomplished in the first 45 weeks.

Designers of aeroplanes are constantly compromising. Speed is the essence of air transport. But it is speed that makes the costs so heavy. If

users of the airway were content to have their goods and themselves transported at the comparatively slow rate of 75 miles an hour, instead of a maximum of twice that speed, the running cost would be lower, and moreover it would be possible to carry loads so much greater, that the expense per passenger, or per unit of weight, would be but a fraction of what is charged now. The new London-Paris express described above, is a splendid compromise. But Mr. Thomas thinks the designers should aim rather at a differentiation between the racer and the freighter.

He would have planes on the one hand capable of flying 150 miles an hour, and, in connection with these, fast motor services at each end, so that passengers or goods might be brought to their destination in the very minimum of time—a special service, for which a specially high fee should

be charged. On the other hand there should be machines built to carry larger loads at less speed and at less expense. The service would still be much faster than any possible transport by land and sea, and the additional cost would be moderate—provided always that the service was largely patronised. For instance, if all first-class mail matter between London and Paris were air-borne, an additional charge of one penny per ounce above the ordinary rate of postage would make the air-mail service a financial success. The charges for air-carriage from London to Amsterdam and Brussels, respectively, are now only threepence and twopence.

Of course, postage is charged in addition for delivery from the sender to the aerodrome, and from aerodrome to recipient. But the actual cost of air carriage is seen to be lower than the present letter postage in Australia.

A MODERN SWASHBUCKLER.

Last June, Essad Pasha, the Albanian leader, was shot dead by an assassin in a Paris street. Knowing nothing of him, most people assumed that his death would be deeply regretted in Albania, where he had played so great a role. As a matter of fact, his death was the cause of much rejoicing in that unquiet land, and since his disappearance from the scene, there has been great improvement in the political position of Albania.

Miss M. E. Durham, the well-known authority on Albania, contributes an interesting account of Essad Pasha, whom she describes as a "strange relic of the Middle Ages." He was a handsome swashbuckler, who sold himself and his services to the highest bidder. He was the head of the Toptani family, who claimed descent, though with little proof, from the Chieftain Topias. Essad was not the first son of the family; his elder brother, Gani Bey, was murdered in Constantinople by the son of the then Grand Vizier, by the order, it was said, of Abdul Hamid. Essad does not appear to have regretted the loss of his brother, for it left him head

of the family. Miss Durham first met him at Scutari, in 1908.

In 1908 Essad had but recently arrived in Scutari, and was already detested. He had been moved from Janina, where he had held a similar post, and where he had made himself so hated by his extortions and quarrels that the place became too hot to hold him. He realised then that South Albania could never form part of his projected realm, and was therefore ready to arrange for the Greeks to have it for a "consideration." The place rang with tales of the unscrupulous methods by which he added to his domains. Most of the mountain Albanians bring their flocks to graze on the plains in winter, and have certain districts and grazing rights, and much of this common land had been filched, it was said, by Essad, both by fraud and by force.

When the Turkish revolution broke out, Essad, not knowing which side would win, applied to the Government for leave to take a cure in a foreign watering place, and he remained abroad till the victory of the Young Turks was certain.

Scutari naively hoped for a reign of justice, and foretold that the first reform of the new *regime* would be the execution of Essad, and the restoration of the goods he had filched. But Essad returned in triumph

as a member of the Committee of Union and Progress. And Scutari's faith in the Young Turks was hopelessly shattered. He had formerly taken the pay of Abdul Hamid, and carried out his orders. He now contrived to be one of the two who were sent to command Abdul to abdicate, thus avenging very completely the death of Gani Bey. Essad, now a Pasha, was hand-in-glove with the Young Turks, and the Young Turks started upon his foolish policy of forcible Ottomanisation.

The Albanians had supported the revolution with enthusiasm, and, freed from Turkish prohibition, the cult of the national language became almost a religion in the country. Alarmed at this movement in Albania, the Young Turks began again the persecution of the national language, and made Turkish compulsory in the schools. Essad, of course, sided with them. He had much influence, however, and contrived to be elected as Deputy to the Young Turk Parliament.

Rumour had it that Essad now aspired to be head of Albania, under the Young Turks. Albania, however, speedily revolted against Young Turk despotism. In 1910-1912 fierce fighting took place between the Albanians and the Turkish forces. Essad perceived that his chance of ruling Albania under the Young Turk was nil; that other leaders, for example, the gallant Issa Boletin and Hussein Bey, of Prishtina, were popular heroes, and that Prek Bibdoda of Mirdita, and Ismail Kemal, were dangerous rivals. He quarrelled with the Young Turks, but did not "burn his boats," and withdrew to Tirana, to play his favourite pastime of waiting to see "which way the cat hopped." When victory of the Albanians seemed certain, Essad went to the British consul at Scutari, and asked if it were possible to obtain British protection for Albania.

When the Balkan States declared war against the Turks, Essad thought the latter would win, and hastened towards Scutari with the troops of which he was still in command.

The Malsori tribesmen regarded him as a Turk, and fiercely opposed his approach. But he fought his way through, and reached Scutari, where he was second in command under General Hussein Riza Bey, who conducted the defence of the town with great ability. Hussein Riza was Albanian on his mother's side. When he perceived that no relief was possible from Turkey, he decided to declare Scutari Albanian, and to call in the help of the tribesmen. He therefore consulted a well-known Scutarene Christian, and arranged that he and some others should

go through the lines at night, and call up the clansmen, who were fiercely angered against both Serb and Montenegrin. When the Albanian flag was hoisted on the citadel, the tribesmen were to attack the besiegers in the rear, while Hussein Riza's forces made a sortie. Hussein Riza left the Scutarene, having charged him to find two other messengers, and promising to settle things next day. That night he dined with Essad, and, as he left after dinner, was shot close to Essad's door, and mortally wounded by two men, disguised as women. Essad who took over the command of the town sent round a public crier next day to say that the episode was closed, and no enquiry was to be held. Later, Osman Bali, Essad's right-hand man, boasted freely that he had done the deed. The second man was said to be Mehmed Kavaia, also a retainer of Essad's.

Essad withdrew to the citadel. No more sorties were made, and parleys with Montenegro began. Essad knew that Scutari hated him as badly as did Janina. He knew, too, that he would never rule Albania under the Young Turks. Italy was extremely anxious to block Austria's influence in Albania, and connived at Essad's plans. He could only understand Turkish and Albanian. While his compatriots were striving hard for education, and French, German and Italian were widely learnt and spoken, Essad remained ignorant, and his communications with Montenegro passed through the Italian consulate for translation—so said Scutari. At the very last moment, when the International force was off the coast, and its landing was merely a matter of a few days, Essad sold Scutari. He was given in return plenty of ammunition, was allowed to withdraw his force fully armed, and was later to be recognised as ruler of a small central Albania—viz., Tirana and his own retainers.

Everywhere in Albania in 1913, the hope was expressed that the European Prince, whom the Great Powers were sending to rule the country, would speedily suppress and disarm Essad Pasha. Essad, however, was in constant communication with the Greeks and with the Serbs, determined to join whichever appeared most likely to secure control in the end, but he schemed to throw both Greek and Serb overboard, and, as the well-paid ally of both, reign supreme at Tirana.

He even had postage stamps printed with his head on them—but they have never been circulated. He began by opposing the provisional government set up at Valona, by Ismail Kemal, who proclaimed Albania's independence there in November, 1912, thereby making Valona a sacred spot for all Albanian patriots. All sensible Albanians agreed that though that government was but

an embryo, any dissension must be avoided and the decision of the Powers quietly awaited. Essad's task, however, was to destroy Albania. All he could do to disrupt the land he did. Nor did the arrival of the International Commission of Control aid matters, for Essad in fact was working for some of the Powers represented upon it, and tried to set up a government of his own at Durazzo. He insisted on going as head of the delegation to Neuwied, to invite the Prince, and there he managed so to insinuate himself into the Prince's favour that he induced him to go, not to Scutari, but to Durazzo, where Essad had him, so to speak, trapped; surrounded, moreover, by a gang of foreign ministers and advisers, many of whom were actively working to overthrow Albania with Essad's aid. When I spoke with the Prince in June, 1914, he seemed dazed and helpless as a netted creature, finding himself caught by cunning intrigue, through blindly following Essad's advice, and not knowing which way to turn.

Essad had conveyed arms and ammunition to Tirana in readiness for a rising. For this he was arrested, but Italy, whose man he then was, intervened, and forbade his trial. He was expelled from Albania, and went to Rome, where he was decorated. The rising, however, took place.

It had been skilfully engineered by telling the ignorant Moslem peasants that Wied was the sworn foe of Islam, and by promising them that the town of Dibra, which had been given to the Serbs, should be restored to Albania if they expelled Wied. The Russian vice-consul at Valona went so far as to tell folk that the Great Powers would be very angry if they fought on Wied's side. So, to please the greed of certain Powers, Albanian peasants were tricked to their own destruction. Simultaneously with the rising, the Greeks attacked South Albania. The Albanians defended themselves with great bravery, but, owing to the trouble at Durazzo, were short of ammunition, and also, as the Dutch gendarmerie officers stated, could not hope to oppose the Greek army, which had artillery.

When the Great War came, the Albanians hoped they would be left to themselves, but they were invaded on all sides. The Greeks, the Italians, the Montenegrins, and the Serbs, all arrived to peg out their claims. Prince Wied fled from the country, and Essad returned and proclaimed himself Prince. No one heeded him though, but the Italians still gave him their support.

Had not Essad been chosen by the *Entente* as their man, a very large Albanian

force might have been recruited by means of which the frontier could have been held, and the Serbian *debauch* avoided. But to do this would have been to spoil the plan of Essad for an Albania of his own, and of the Greeks and Serbs for the South and North of Albania, the plan of the Secret Pact of April, 1915. The chance was thrown away.

Essad posed as the man who saved the Serbians, when they crossed the Albanian mountains, but he had actually nothing to do with it. Albania never recognised him, although on his visiting cards, when he went to Salonica, was printed, "The President of the Albanian Government!"

Italy found that her interests clashed with those of France, and the Slavs. Essad, forgetting Rome and his decoration, now played Slav and anti-Italian. The Franco-Slav group was the stronger, and therefore the more attractive. When the Armistice came he did not hurry to claim his throne, being well aware of the reception he would meet. The Albanians hastened to send delegates to the Peace Conference, but he was not one of them. Who paid him, and how much he was paid, is not known; but he was able in Paris to have sets of apartments at the "Continental," a villa, and a house in the Avenue Marceau, plenty of servants, three motor cars, and horses, and was described by a compatriot to be "living like an American Cæsar."

The Albanians set up a Government, but the Powers refused to recognise it. The plan of a little central Albania for Essad, and the division of the rest of the land between Greek, Serb and Italian, still had their support.

So long as Essad lived it was obvious that he would be the tool of any enemy, and would never cease to misrepresent his compatriots. They looked upon him as a traitor and a dangerous one; Albanian students have been studying and working in America, in France, in England. Neither they nor the two great nationalist centres of Albania, Scutari and Koritza, would recognise the ignorant and unscrupulous man, a relic of the dark ages of the Old Turk, who was luxuriating in a foreign capital, and growing fat on the wealth for which he had betrayed his fatherland. Small wonder that a passing student, angered by his swagger, fired the shot which ended his unclean life on June 13th, 1920. The only wonder is that Great Powers should have stooped to use such a tool, and to use it moreover in order to destroy a small and brave nation. Their tool failed them. Some even cut their own fingers. The Albanians have lost belief

in the Powers' methods, and cry to all lovers of justice to be allowed to manage their land in their own way.

The Albanians demand an Albania which will include all the territories

awarded them by the Powers in 1913. "The Great War was fought, said the Powers, for the freedom of small nations. Let them now show that this was indeed the case."

LOUVAIN AT WORK AGAIN.

It comes rather as a surprise to learn that the University of Louvain was able to recommence its activities almost immediately after the signing of the Armistice. One gathered from the lurid accounts of the destruction of the city that all the University buildings must have been burnt; but, apparently, only three of the 20 in which it is housed suffered during the German occupation. Its greatest loss was the library, which was burnt, with all its contents. In the Irish Jesuit quarterly *Studies*, the Rev. Aubrey Gwynn, S.J., gives an account of the resumption of University activities, which took place on January 21st, 1919, barely ten weeks after the Armistice. A full academic course was completed with remarkable success, and the second year, which is now drawing to a close, has been still more successful. The University is now equipped once more with all the buildings necessary for its work.

With regard to the library, as the catalogue was burnt with the books, the total number of volumes destroyed is not exactly known, but estimates place it at from 250,000 to 300,000. It was never rich in ancient MSS., but was chiefly remarkable for its mediæval theological texts. Germany undertook, in the Peace Treaty, to repair in full the damage done to the university and the library, but restitution in many cases is impossible. The principle has been adopted that for every MS. destroyed in the fire, the Germans must hand over another of equal age and equal value. No attempt is being made to replace modern books copy by copy, but the Germans are required to supply a number of books, published in Germany, equal in value to the printed volumes destroyed.

For books published outside of Germany restitution has already been made

by private and public generosity. Belgian private donations alone had almost reached the sum of 90,000 volumes by the end of the German occupation; the Vatican has made a free gift of all its publications, and of many volumes from its great library; and private generosity in Europe and America has been such that the new library will, it is hoped, contain a considerably larger number of volumes than before the war. And these volumes are to be worthily housed. On the occasion of Cardinal Mercier's recent visit to America, a national committee was formed to aid in the work of restoration at Louvain, and 500,000 dollars have been subscribed for the erection of a new library. Building has recently been begun, on a site near the Institut Leon XIII.; for it has been decided to leave Les Halles free, once reconstructed, for administrative purposes.

The American Relief Commission had some 150,000,000 francs left over when the war ended, and this sum was equally divided by Mr. Hoover between the four Belgian universities. Each of these can now count on an annual revenue of nearly 1,000,000 francs from this source alone.

Some 3000 students attended the university before the war. It was heavily endowed, there being no fewer than 20 institutes specially founded and organised for scientific research. Not a penny of the endowment money was contributed by the State or from any official fund; private individuals were wholly responsible. The University was unusually well staffed, and the rector, Mgr. Ladeuze, is a man of great ability and knowledge.

The Germans, it will be recalled, created a Flemish university at Ghent which, during the war, was the only one

open in Belgium, all the others having closed their doors in sympathy with Louvain. One of the first acts of the present Government was to shut up the Flemish university, and, according to recent reports, several of the professors there have been tried for treason and have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. A special commission has, however, been appointed

to investigate the demand of the Flemings for a university of their own. Mgr. Ladeuze himself has long been a believer in extending the use of Flemish in teaching, and inaugurated his administration of the university of Louvain by introducing Flemish courses in medicine and science. Later, he established Flemish courses in legal subjects, history, economics and chemistry.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Professor F. C. S. Schiller contributes an article to the new *Psychic Research Quarterly* on "Scientific Method in Psychical Research."

In effect, the article is explanatory of what the "scientific spirit" really is, and makes a plea for a less impatient outlook on the series of investigations now being conducted by the Psychical Research Society. Starting with the fact that the possibility of communicating with the dead is one of the earliest of human beliefs, going back thousands of years, the writer asks why it has not been proved or disproved in all this time, and why, with the exception of the Society's work, no sustained attempt has been made to do either until now. Certainly the evidence in favour of communication is not deficient in quantity; neither is its quality to be disregarded "though it does not of course come up to scientific standards." Yet, it is quite as good as that for many old-time beliefs, which turned out to be true enough when they were investigated scientifically.

Hitherto human inertia and obstruction have frustrated research. In view, however, of the enormous popular interest in the subject, due to the bereavements sustained in the late war, and to the abnormal conditions of the present time, there is a strong possibility that these obstacles may be removed. But there still remains a cardinal trouble—the trouble that the evidence is not, and cannot be, of the sort that is convincing to *all*, but only to some. There is always "bias": and, as in religion and politics, when "reason" encounters "bias," it gets worsted.

It is on account of this hostile bias that the psychical inquirer has had to fight so hard for the right to research, and has still to conduct his campaign on two fronts. Not only has he to contend, like other inquirers, against the obscurity of the facts and the complexity and deceptiveness of nature; he has also to maintain his "home front," and to win permission to inquire from the society he lives in. So much so, that hitherto the latter has been his chief concern. Until a few generations ago an inquirer into the "occult" *par excellence* literally took his life in his hands, not by reason of the diabolical repugnance of any supernatural "Dweller on the Threshold," but on account of the fiendish violence of his fellow-men. . . . There was nothing too monstrous and absurd to believe about him, nothing too atrocious to do to him. From the centres of "civilisation" to the wilds of Africa "witchcraft" was a statutory crime, and the burning of witches legally convicted of this capital offence was a popular entertainment. Can we wonder that such treatment neither improved the temper of the magician nor conduced to his scientific progress? It is astonishing rather that he hit upon so many promising ideas. . . . But the magician had little leisure for the prolonged experimentation and calm inquiry which science nowadays requires. He had to devote most of his time and ingenuity to escaping from the attention of the mob and the police.

The traditional social animus against Psychical Research has "lingered on in the academic world, because that is everywhere organised so as to penalise novelties and adventures of thought," but elsewhere it has undergone some abatement. Even in academic circles, the virus of hostility has become much attenuated—thanks mainly to the eminent "respectability" with which the S.P.R. conducted its researches.

What scholar, *e.g.*, could fail to face the appeal of messages from the dead that were

chiefly composed of recondite references to the classics? By devising the highly complex and ingenious, and in no wise popular, method of "cross-correspondences," the S.P.R., at once rendered such communications academically respectable, even as Freud rehabilitated the ancient art of dream-interpretation in the eyes of the medical profession by interpreting in terms of sex. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that the greatest achievement in Psychical Research with which the S.P.R. is so far to be credited was just this making of the subject respectable enough for serious research.

The "bereavement sentiment" is largely responsible for the present "boom" in Psychical Research. But this sentiment is transitory, and also selfish in that it aims rather at personal consolation than at the increase of knowledge, and it will leave the scientific question much where it is unless it can be well advised and wisely guided. If it is so guided it may yield what it has never before been possible to get, namely, the provision of resources for systematic Psychical Research, "on a scale worthy of the magnitude, importance and difficulty of the inquiry."

The writer defines "scientific proof" not as "mathematical demonstration," but as "the hypothetical certainty of a coherent system of assumptions, and the practical value of a well-chosen one." Under this definition there are three methods in Psychical Research which *cannot* lead to scientific proof, and a fourth which may end in such proof, but cannot end in absolute certainty. The first method is the metaphysical and *a priori* one, of which Hume's argument against miracles and the *a priori* "proofs" of the soul's immortality are examples. The second is an attempt to settle the question for good and all by a single conclusive case; which is to be rejected as quixotic. The third alternative is to pile up the evidence with a series of cases, not singly cogent but all supporting and corroborating each other. But the sceptic is still at liberty to take each case separately on its merits and, ignoring other facts, to pulverise it.

(4) What, then, remains? The only possible procedure that can lead to scientific proofs in Psychical Research, as in the em-

pirical sciences, is to accept the guidance of Scientific Method. Now Scientific Method is essentially hypothetical, i.e., experimental. It treats all "facts" as data to be tested, all "principles" as working hypotheses to be confirmed, all "truths" as claims to be verified. All allegations, therefore, must be tested, and are valued according to the scientific consequences to which they lead. At the outset, therefore, Scientific Method is content with provisional conclusions that are not greatly trusted, and to the end it is never content with the decisions that cannot be revised and improved on, if occasion should arise. At the same time, it is recognised that the human mind does not respond to the infinite gradations of logical probability, but declares itself satisfied and certain so soon as the evidence for a belief seems to it adequate. After that the question is humanly settled—unless and until something occurs to reopen it. For there is no absolute *chose jugée* in science.

The severest test of a scientific belief is its application to reality.

It is therefore fatal to pseudo-science like, e.g., astrology. If a man professes to believe that the date of a man's death can be calculated from a knowledge of the date of his birth, and of the conjunction of the planets at that time, he can fairly be summoned to act as if this knowledge had a very direct application to the life insurance business. If he doesn't, it may justly be inferred that his belief is, at most, a half-belief, and that his real state of mind resembles that of the Scotsman who was willing to take his dying oath to the truth of an improbable assertion, but not to bet sixpence.

On the other hand—

The electrician cannot doubt the reality of electricity as he turns his "current" on and off, nor the biologist that of life, as he watches its growth and decay, even though neither the one nor the other knows what "electricity" and "life" really are. Whether we like it or not, we have to recognise that the ultimates of science are known to us only in their operations and not *per se*.

This scientific temper could be transferred with advantage to Psychical Research. Telepathy, for instance, would cease to be doubtful as a force in nature if it could be controlled like "electricity." This, of course, is the pragmatic argument from the "working" to the "truth" of beliefs. Professor Schiller believes it to be the only road for Psychical Research, and only possible to follow, provided that sufficient endowment be furnished for the body that already has the subject in hand.

THE EXCLUSION POLICY APPLIED TO THE OCEAN.

The exclusion policy is applied to coastal shipping by many countries, Australia among them. But the principle of the Jones Shipping Law recently enacted in the United States—an attempt to make overseas trade to and from American ports a monopoly for American ships—is without precedent in modern history. Foreign shipping lines have protested, and in America itself the difficulties that are sure to arise are coming to be realised. The operation of the most important provisions has been postponed till the beginning of next year. It may be further delayed.

The discrimination by which it is hoped to divert trade from foreign to American vessels is to be applied both at the ports and on the railways carrying the goods, either brought from overseas, or intended for shipment abroad. Customs tariffs will be reduced by 5 per cent. in case of goods imported by American ships, and if any nation retaliates by applying a discriminatory rate against American ships' cargo, America may hit back by means of a penal tariff. Port dues may be similarly varied in favour of American vessels.

The most far-reaching discrimination, however, is in railway freight charges. It is usual for railway companies to charge much lower rates on goods of overseas origin, or goods to be exported, than on those carried for inland trade. In the States, the "through" rates are said to be on the average only one-third of the inland rates. Under the Jones law, the railways may be forbidden to grant through rates except on goods carried (or to be carried) in American vessels. It would thus be quite prohibitive for people in Kansas to get goods from a foreign country in a foreign ship; it would be equally impossible for them to export their own goods by foreign ship.

There are other important changes to be brought about by the Jones law. The policy of monopolising the coastal

trade for Americans is to be extended to the Philippines, so that foreign vessels may be prohibited from engaging in trade between those Far Eastern islands, and the United States. This is a hard blow for Japanese lines, which have built up splendid services between Manila and San Francisco. However, the clause, like others, is made permissive, for the reason that there may not be sufficient American vessels for the trade. Until the Shipping Board is assured that sufficient American tonnage is available, it will allow foreigners to continue in the trade, and will refrain from discriminating against them in the through railway freights.

The extension of coastal trade restrictions to the Philippines services is matched by the Australian policy in relation to trade between the mainland and New Guinea; also by Japan's recent move to exclude foreigners from the trade between her own ports and her colonial ports in Formosa and Korea. The Australian law—even the new Navigation Act, which the Government has found it impossible to enforce at present—is more liberal than the Japanese or the American, since it will permit foreign vessels to engage in the coastal trade provided that they pay the Australian rates of wages, and regulate the conditions of work on board according to Australian standards. The American law is so strict that difficulties were raised some years ago, when a British ship took a party of Americans round the world. It was contended that, as the journey was begun and ended at an American port, this was coastal trading! That matter was arranged, but in the new law regarding the Philippines' trade, America has gone farther than any other nation. If Britain retaliated in kind, the shipping of the whole British Empire would be reserved for British ships.

While the exclusion policy is being thus extended, it will be difficult for the British Government to continue to disallow the proposed law to keep Asiatic

ships out of the Australia-New Zealand trade. New Zealand in 1910 passed a law placing a prohibitive tax on Asiatic-manned vessels engaging in the inter-colonial trade, besides requiring that they should pay their crews according to Australasian standards. The Home Government, however, refused to permit the Act to be enforced.

Even Britain is being drawn into the movement to exclude low-waged alien crews. When the Aliens Restriction Bill was before Parliament last year, an effort was made by Labour members to insist on British union rates of wages being paid to all crews on British ships; but the shipping interests demanded an exemption in favour of their Asiatic crews, and they won the day. Labour will, however, almost certainly continue to agitate for the recognition of the principle adopted in Australia—that Asiatic crews, if they are to be engaged, must be paid British wages.

To return to the Jones law: Besides assisting American shipping by discrimination in dues and railway charges, the law proposes to grant large subsidies. The Shipping Board may grant up to £5,000,000 a year for the next five years on ships constructed in American yards, and may exempt from taxation lines which devote a certain sum to new construction.

In addition, the law aims to break the shipping rings. A fine of £5000 for each offence is to be inflicted on companies that follow such a policy as that of the Conference lines now trading between Britain and Australia—that is, granting rebates and discriminating against shippers who send any goods by a rival line. In the case of Australia, the rival line is that of the Commonwealth Government, but Australia has not adopted the American plan of killing the Conference by legislation. Possibly to do so at present would be to kill Australian commerce.

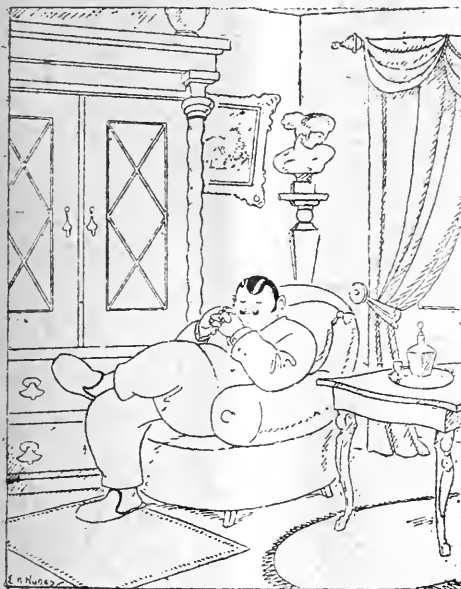
The Japan Chronicle has ably reviewed the new American shipping law. It points out that the nearest approach to such exclusiveness in the past was in the British navigation laws of the seventeenth century. In 1651 a Navi-

gation Act was passed forbidding the carrying of colonial produce to England except in English or Colonial vessels, with English masters and crews. The capstone was placed on this system in 1663, when the exportation of European products to the colonies was restricted to vessels owned as in the preceding Act, and loaded in England. The colonists in America resented this monopoly law. Now it is Britain that is hurt by the exclusive legislation of her erstwhile colony.

Retaliation against the American restriction is assured. Already three Japanese lines have threatened reprisals. The travelling public and those interested in international commerce will have to pay the cost of maintaining these monopolies. But probably the worst injury will be done to people in inland United States. Whether in importing raw materials for their manufactures and for their personal use, or in exporting their own products, they will be at the mercy of their nation's shipping lines. There is no likelihood that the regulations against monopoly control of shipping will be effective. "Protection is the father of the trusts." And protection of the type intended in the Jones law plays into the hands of the trusts; despite all attempts to restrain them.

The justification put forward for exclusive shipping laws in all countries of the West is that the cost of running their ships has been greatly increased by the improved conditions and higher wages granted to their crews. Without preferential treatment, the shipping companies of Britain and America allege they cannot hope to compete with Asiatic lines. On the other hand, it is certain that immense damage is done, especially when laws like the Jones law are passed, attempting the impossible task of applying exclusion to international ocean shipping. The only hope of a solution seems to lie in international conferences, which may guarantee to seamen all over the world fair conditions of employment. The recent conference at Genoa made a little—a very little—advance toward that desirable goal.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMOUR



Meggendorfer Blætter.

[Munich.]

"If anybody tells me I have the manners of a footman I will throw them out of the house—just as I used to do when I was a footman."



Il 420.

[Rome.]

ST. PETER: "It will be necessary to invent a new hell."
—: "Why?"

ST. PETER: "Because as soon as the latest arrivals get inside they start to enjoy themselves, saying that things are much worse where they came from."



Passing Show.

[London.]

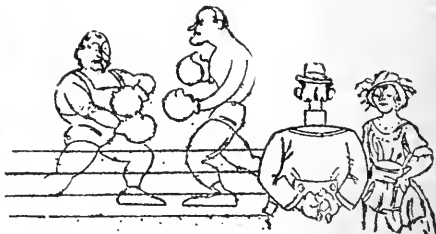
GENIAL OLD MINISTER: "Well, an' what are you kids daein' wi' that mud?"
BUDDING ARCHITECT: "Buildin' a kirk, sir."
GENIAL OLD MINISTER: "But where's ye meenister?"
BUDDING ARCHITECT: "Och! We havena got enough dirt to mak' a meenister."



Notenkraker.

[Amsterdam.]

SALVATION FOR THE PEDESTRIAN.
Mines and dynamite.



Kludderalatsch.

[Berlin.]

THE SPORT SPIRIT.

"I don't know why I paid to see this, when I can see more exciting shows every night at the railway station."

*Passing Show.]*

[London.

"They must have decided to run excursion trains next summer, Sandy."

"What makes ye think that, Dougal?"

"Because ma young nephew in Aberdeen has postponed his honeymoon till next year!"



Rein. J. J. J.

Lustige Blaetter.]

[Berlin.

BETWEEN OPERATIC STARS.

"I would gladly give a performance, if it were not for the amusement tax!"

"Amusement tax? Have the authorities heard you sing?"

*London Opinion.]*

"I loathe Parvenus, don't you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't believe I've ever tasted them."

*Kasper.]*

[Stockholm.

SUMMER NIGHT—STUDENTS—UPROAR.

POLICEMAN: "You musn't carry on like that."

STUDENT: "Have you never taken a student's course yourself?"

POLICEMAN: "No—but I shall take a student if you aren't quiet."

*Fliegende Blaetter.]*

[Munich.

WAITER: "Your room costs 20 marks."

GUEST: "But water came through the roof."

WAITER: "Shower bath, 5 marks—total, 25 marks!"



Passing Show. [London.
"By Jove, what funny-shaped faces those
Johnnies must have had in those days!"



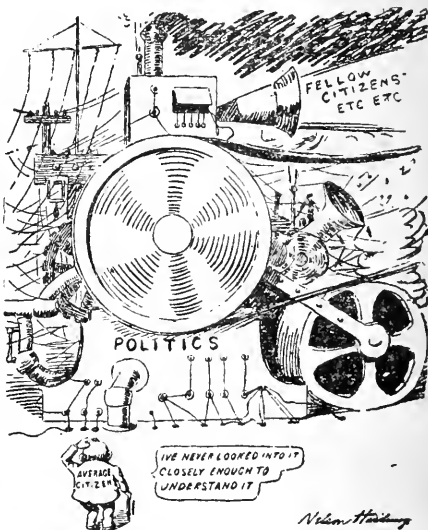
London Opinion.
THE LITTLE MOTHER: "Fitz'erbert, yer
stoopid, if yer don't want to get sunstroke,
come into the shade for a bit."



Meggendorfer Blaetter. [Munich.
"My son is doing well in the city. He
began work there at three marks a day, and
now he writes to say that he is getting fifteen
marks daily as unemployment pay."



London Mail.
GRANNIE (regulating gas, which is bobbing
up and down): "Bother this blinking light!"
ETHEL: "Oh, granny, for shame! That's
what the soldiers used to say in the army!"



Nelson Harding
[Brooklyn.
THE GREAT MACHINE MYSTERY.

ESPERANTO NOTES.

"It is an enormous advantage for young people to learn some other language than their own; from that point of view I rather envy our Welsh friends in that so many are bi-lingual." Thus spoke the director of education in Liverpool, Mr. J. G. Legge, who is one of a number of eminent educationalists who have given their support to Esperanto. He went on to say that he had learned Esperanto many years ago, and had always retained a real sympathy with the movement. Our lack of grammatical knowledge, he said, speaking of English people in general, was a serious handicap to us; those who had learned Latin were much helped in the acquirement of other languages, but he considered that Esperanto was quite as good an introduction to the study of modern languages.

The Government of Finland is encouraging the use of Esperanto, and is giving a subvention of 5000 Finnish marks to the Finnish Esperanto Institute to assist its activities during the present year. Esperanto is officially used by the Finnish embassies in several European capitals. The newly-appointed ambassador to Japan, Professor J. G. Ramstedt, is a well-known linguist, who has been for many years a strong advocate of Esperanto, teaching it to his students in Helsingfors university, and translating into Esperanto many of the shorter works of the literature of Finland.

The International Free Thought congress, which was to meet at Prague in September of this year, made use of Esperanto in advertising its aims. An excellent propaganda leaflet in Esperanto, setting out the arrangements and conditions of the congress, was distributed throughout the world.

The last *British Esperantist* contains an interesting account of a deputation which waited on the secretariat of the

League of Nations in London, to urge the adoption of Esperanto by that body. On behalf of the Secretary-General (Sir Eric Drummond, who is himself a strong supporter of Esperanto), the deputation was received by a Japanese secretary, Dr. Nitobe, who gave a sympathetic hearing, and promised to submit the memorial, which had been prepared, and to give an account of the conference to the League. One of the deputationists was accompanied by his five-year-old daughter, who had been taught Esperanto by her parents side by side with English, and was thus naturally bi-lingual. This little girl answered a number of questions in Esperanto, and translated a number of sentences into, and out of, Esperanto, with perfect readiness.

On the same subject (the League of Nations and a common language) the London *Daily News* has something to say. Speaking of a meeting of the council of the League, it says: "The council then settled down to a succession of formal speeches, doubtless inevitable and not without value, but rendered intolerably tedious by the necessity of translating every English utterance into French, and every French disquisition into English. It is at least as desirable for the League to turn its attention to the question of an international language, as to that of international labour laws."

Readers of STEAD'S interested in Esperanto should communicate with the nearest Esperanto centre, at any of these addresses:—Box 731, Elizabeth Street P.O., Melbourne; "Edna," Clissold Parade, Campsie, Sydney; "Bonvenu," O'Mara Street, Lutwyche, Brisbane; 60 Roebuck Street, Thebarton, S.A.; 42 Temple Street, Victoria Park, Perth; 35 Risdon Road, New Town, Hobart; and 84 Tory Street, Wellington, N.Z.

A SCHOOL TEACHER IN GERMANY.

The following letter received from an English lady, who has just got back from Germany, tells a terrible story:—

In Berlin I visited my old friend, Fraulein B—, teacher in one of the schools there. I found her aged beyond belief, with white hair and tragic eyes. She has always loved children, and is a born teacher. A bit at a time she told me her experiences during the war, experiences which had whitened her hair and seared her soul. The real trouble began during the second year of the struggle, when food became scarce, and milk and butter were unobtainable. Day after day she noticed her charges becoming thinner, more fretful, less able to learn and memorise. Then one child after another failed to appear at school, and, when she went to make enquiries, she realised for the first time the hopeless horror of the situation.

In the homes she found children crying for food, and desperate mothers trying to get it from the shops, begging it wherever they could, going to almost any lengths to secure it. At first, whilst the money lasted, they were able to supplement the meagre official rations, but the majority were soon more-or-less penniless, and they had to watch their children weaken and die, powerless to help or save. Although at first the children cried for food incessantly, they seemed slowly to get accustomed to undernourishment, and lived on somehow or other, not developing at all, stunted, without enough energy left to play, or even cry.

She told me of one household, in which the mother went mad under the strain of watching her children die, and of another who, denying herself food so that her two boys might have enough to eat, succumbed herself. She showed me children with spindle shanks, suffering from rickets—the “English sickness” as it has always been called in Germany—children in the last stages of consumption. I learned that there were 30,000 children in Berlin alone suffering from tuberculosis.

“Can you wonder,” said Fraulein B—, “that, as I watched my little charges get slowly weaker, and often drop fainting on the floor, a bitter hatred woke in my heart against those who were responsible for the blockade, which was starving these innocent boys and girls to death? Far worse, it seemed to me, than atrocities committed in hot blood, in the excitement of battle. When it was reported that our submarines were preventing food from reaching England, I and many bereaved and stricken mothers rejoiced that those who had brought the deaths of our children should themselves have the horror of watching their own starve slowly to death. But that feeling passed. I could not wish my worst enemy to go through the ghastly hell we were suffering, and I was thankful when I knew that our submarines had not been successful.

“But far the worst horror was after the Armistice. We had given in, had subscribed to Wilson’s Fourteen Points, had overthrown our Kaiser and established a republic, and now we thought we will get food—our poor children will be saved. Instead, although we had laid down our arms and surrendered our ships, the blockade became more stringent. It was extended to the Baltic, and our fish supplies were cut off. Then the occupation of the Rhine Provinces further reduced our meagre supply of milk and butter, and instead of conditions becoming better, they got much worse.

“Hundreds of thousands of children might have been saved if the blockade had been lifted. Those weakened by the lack of food might have been nourished had the war really ended when the Armistice was signed. As it was, they got weaker, and died, and others who had managed to pull through war years in fairly good condition, fell victims to starvation after the Armistice. No fewer than 1,000,000 children died in Germany after the War ended. That is what the continuance of the blockade did for us. Altogether it killed more

people that did your guns and mines and gas. And now, as I look at the emaciated corpse-like babies in the hospitals, visit the children I used to teach, stunted in bodies and mind, I wonder whether one ought to try and save them. What will they be like when they grow up?"

I was able to answer her question after a visit to Leipzig, where Miss Hobhouse is feeding some 11,000 children daily. These show signs of returning vitality and energy. Cheeks here and there are losing their pallid appearance, and begin to show a little colour. Eyes are beginning to sparkle once more. The impression one has in Germany is that the children are blighted, but when they get proper food they do recover. They begin to grow, to put on flesh, and to play—actually to play. But this new born vitality will quickly decline if the feeding is not maintained. The German Government is doing what it can. It promises to supply sugar and flour after the harvest, but it cannot give the two most needed things—milk and fat. The surrender of cows to France makes the situation still more difficult, and hundreds of thousands of starving children in Germany to-day can only be saved if help comes from outside.

I am sure if the people of Australia only realised the actual situation, could see the tragic look in the eyes of mothers, who cannot get food for their children, cannot nourish their babies, they would be anxious to do what they could to help those who are trying to rescue at least 1,000,000 children from starvation and death. These innocents, at any rate, had nothing to do with the European struggle, and we do not make war on children.

One would imagine that Professor Schlossman, who recently contributed an article to the *German Medical Journal*, was prompted with a desire to hinder the feeding of starving German children and their mothers! He declares that the infantile mortality in Dusseldorf in 1919 was less than the average in the whole of Germany in 1916, 1917 and 1918. This proves, he

says, that over-feeding is one of the chief causes of infantile mortality. What it does prove, one would imagine, is that Dusseldorf, situated close to the occupied provinces, was able to secure the milk which was unobtainable throughout Germany, during and after the war, and is even to-day terribly scarce. Yet, undoubtedly, this mischievous article will be widely quoted and will prevent people giving money and supplies to feed the starving in Germany.

Against this theory of the Professor, there are the actual figures of death and disease, directly due to starvation, the evidence of Englishmen and women, who have visited Germany and have told of the horrors they witnessed in the hospitals, and in the homes of the starving. The question of allowing the children under seven to perish, so that the limited funds available may all be used in saving the older children, has been seriously discussed, and then this fool professor comes along and says that the statistics of a single town demonstrate that children have been getting too much to eat! It is a pity he has not gone a little further in his researches, or been a little more reserved in his deductions.

The Americans incline to the theory that it would be more merciful to let the youngest children die, at any rate they are concentrating on feeding school children. The British relief workers are, however, making the care of infants' their special concern. It costs 2/- a week to give children one good meal a day, and thus keep them off the starvation line; £5 will save the life of a child, as it will nourish it for a year, by which time conditions ought surely to be improving. A special Fund has been started in Australia for the starving children of Germany. It is being collected by the Friends' Relief Committee, 20 Russell Street, Melbourne. Donations should be marked "Special Fund for German Children." If not so earmarked, the money will be distributed throughout Europe at the discretion of the headquarters committee in London.

The Civilising of Swift Lightning.

By JAMES
OLIVER
CURWOOD.

THE glorious spring of the North-land, with its bursting life and happy song, had come and gone. Summer was ending.

Marvellously had these two seasons passed over the vast and unmapped regions of wilderness between the Great Slave and the River du Rocher, a thousand miles north of civilisation. And now autumn, with its first cool night-breaths, was not far away, and with its approach came a new thrill into the blood of all living things. It was like a tonic coming to rouse them after a long plethora of idleness and overfeeding. And the forests, faintly at first, began to reveal the delicate artistry that very soon would blazon more loudly and with resplendent triumph the presence of September—"the Moon in which the deer rub their horns." For even now, with August not entirely gone, patches of gold and yellow began to appear in bolder tints with each passing day amid the green and purple masses of forest and swamp. And one night, as they sat under the stars in front of their cabin of logs, Gaston Rouget and his dark-haired Jeanne heard the honk of geese high up over their heads.

And then, suddenly, as if in answer, there came from far away in the forest that reached southward a long and lonely howl. And Gaston's hand sought Jeanne's, and he said, with a bit of awe in his voice:

"It is the wolf-dog, my Jeanne. The summer is almost over now, and very soon he will leave us entirely—and go back forever to the wild. When the wolf-packs begin to run—then he will go. And—*tonnere*, I am sorry!"

Two miles away, it was Swift Lightning that howled. Only once did he turn his muzzle up to the stars and give voice to his loneliness. Then, alone, he sat at the edge of a yellow-bit of plain,

and watched and listened, gripped by a thing that was growing heavier upon him as the days of summer came to a close.

It was not that he yearned for the land of the white-wolf packs far north, where he was born, and where he had lived, a mighty leader among those packs. It was not that he yearned for the grim tundras and empty plains of the Arctic coast, where, twenty dog-generations before, fate had brought Skagen, the great Dane, to give him birth among the wolves. Months of plenitude in the southern forests had made him forget many of these things. Memory no longer recalled to him the days and weeks and months of starvation and fighting for life. In those ways is nature kind to the beast. She does not destroy his memories of what has gone, but softly she puts them to sleep, and dormant they lie until something comes to rouse them to life again—perhaps years afterward.

It was Firefly, his matehood with the beautiful-collie, that kept Swift Lightning's memory alive in one certain direction, and made the thing eat inside him like a cancer. One thing lived vividly in his brain, ceaselessly and without slumber, and that was all his experience with man. Whatever had passed between him and man, and between him and Firefly, was night and day his living, pulsing memory of life. This, in a measure, was because, after twenty dog-generations, the blood of Skagen, the great Dane, was running strong in him again. He was a throw-back. With the spirit of the dog within him, and nine-tenths of his blood, running wild-wolf, he yearned, with Skagen's yearning, for the hand of man and woman and child—yet it was bred in him to believe that they were the deadliest of all the enemies the earth

held for him. And therein Firefly, his mate, could not make him understand. And nature was powerless to make him reason.

And now had come the thing that was eating like a sickness inside him. Firefly, a white man's dog, a woman's dog, a dog from the land of little white children, had discovered the cabin of Gaston Rouget and of Jeanne Rouget, and of the baby Jeanne, with the bright, shining hair. And at that cabin was Tresor, the giant mastiff, and with Tresor there was Waps, his little Airedale mate; and in that cabin there was laughter and song. And, because of these things, Firefly rejoiced. For she knew what it meant to have a woman's gentle hand stroke her head again, and she lived once more in the laughter and tears of a child's grief and play.

And Swift Lightning, with the wolf-blood in his veins making its last great fight to win him back to utter savagery, did not understand.

II.

It was man. That was the poison. Man, the anthropoid. Man the destroyer. Man, the all-powerful and the all-feared. Man, the lure. For nature, in placing that riotous, steadily growing drop of dog in Swift Lightning's wolf-blood, had placed him between the devil and the deep sea. Nothing that had ever happened between him and man had Swift Lightning forgotten. For, while the wolf in his blood made him dread the man-god and fear him, the spirit of Skagen, the dog, filled him with the yearning for his comradeship. It was that yearning that had taken him to the white men's cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash, where O'Connor, the white man, had fired at him with a rifle. It was this same yearning that had more than once lured him close to man, and always man had met him as an enemy. It was man that had put the hot fire of a bullet into his shoulder, man who had slashed him with a seal-spear, man who had set the horde of ship's dogs on him.

For it was not given to these men to know that Swift Lightning's forefather,

many years ago, was borne in the kennel of a white man's dog, far south. But Gaston Rouget—he had guessed the truth.

And yet—it must be that nature, in some one of her marvellous ways, had made Firefly, the beautiful young collie, understand. For all of this summer, Firefly had worked bravely to bring Swift Lightning to the cabin of Gaston Rouget. But never had she lured him farther than the edge of the clearing in which the cabin stood. More than once, with tightly drawn breath, the man and the woman had watched, wondering if the miracle would happen, and if Swift Lightning would come to them. For, in their hearts, because of the wonder of Firefly's matchhood, was a love for this great grey beast of the forests.

If Swift Lightning could have but known that!

And Firefly could not make him understand. Night after night, and day after day, she went to him with Tresor, the big mastiff, and Waps, the Airedale; and together the four wandered in the forests, or ran under the moon—but always, at the end, the three went back to the cabin, and Swift Lightning remained alone. Many days and many nights he was alone. And in these hours of his aloneness, as the autumn came, the thing inside him ate more viciously at his vitals. In a last mighty surge, the wolf that was in him rose in fierce demand. And Swift Lightning listened to the wolf-howl as he had not listened before; and as the nights grew cooler, and the days grew shorter—as the loon cried more shrilly, and the moose began to give their challenges, and the wolf-packs to gather—he stood at last—uncertain of himself—almost ready to yield up all that he ever won.

And to-night he stood in the edge of the little plain, and howled that single howl. Firefly, already on her way to join him, stood still in the deep forest and listened to it; and in the wild note of it was something that drew a whimpering whine from her, and stirred within her a new kind of fear, another understanding.

She was alone when she came to him. To-night, she had stolen away from Tresor and his little Airedale mate, and Swift Lightning, when he made sure that they were not behind her, muzzled her neck, and whined his gladness. And then, with his muzzle in her silken coat, his nostrils tasted again the poison that had robbed him of the glorious days they had lived before the big flood, and the discovery of Gaston Rouget's cabin. For, that day, the woman had fondled Firefly, and the child had played with her, and Gaston had picked swamp-burrs out of her hair that evening after supper, smoking his strong black pipe. The poison hung like a deadly incense about her. To Swift Lightning, that man-smell—that stink of tobacco, that odour of human hands—had become the evil of all evils. It was his curse. Not a dog, and yet not a wolf, it had both attracted and repelled him. Many times he had answered its call, and always it had hurt him, or tried to hurt him. And, at the last, it was robbing him of his mate.

In his throat grew a low snarl as he smelled of Firefly's yellow body. It was not that he felt anger toward her. Firefly knew that. It was the cabin. It was the scent that came with her. And she flattened herself out on her belly, and watched him anxiously from between her fore paws. For, just as Swift Lightning knew that the cabin had made a great change in his mate, so did Firefly sense the impending change in Swift Lightning. For many weeks he had not gone far from the cabin. Always he could be found when she wanted him. Loyal he had fought the wolf that was in him, that he might be near her. But now, with the cool coming of the autumn, a redder light was growing in his eyes, and he was looking afar. Slowly the thing was impinging itself upon Firefly. She did not reason that it was the cabin and the rivalry of a man and a woman and a child that were driving him back into the savagery of twenty generations of wolf forebears. But the fact that he was going, that, little by little, she was losing this mate who had fought and

triumphed and lived for her, became a growing thing within her.

And to-night she was different. For a week she had not played and scampered round Swift Lightning. Yet each night or day she had returned to the cabin and had tried to lure him back. Now, as she watched him looking off into the star-mist, there came to her from a distance the wolf-howl. She saw Swift Lightning's body grow tense, and she whimpered. The rivalry of that distant call struck to her soul, and she wriggled to his feet, still whimpering, and suddenly Swift Lightning relaxed, and muzzled her for an instant in the old joyous way, forgetful of the poison of man and cabin.

It was he, and not Firefly, that led the way to-night. And it was *away* from the cabin. Always, at the far edge of this strip of plain, Firefly had stopped. Farther from the cabin she would not go. But now, when Swift Lightning struck into the country beyond, she followed him. Strangely, Swift Lightning sensed the fact that she was not the old Firefly. There was mystery about her, a mystery that held him, that made him travel slowly, that made him stop when she stopped. And when he saw that she was going with him, away from the cabin, that she was following him where she had refused to follow before, his splendid head went up as in the days of old, when he alone possessed her. And when the wolf-howl came many times in the hours that followed, he paid no heed to it. Frequently Firefly paused to rest, and at the end of the second hour she lay down in the edge of a giant windfall of trees, and Swift Lightning made no further effort to edge her on.

All the rest of that night, Firefly did not move. And the next day she went no farther than the edge of a tiny creek a few yards away, and still farther back in the shelter of the windfall she found herself a place to lie. Swift Lightning was puzzled. He was uneasy. The great mystery thrilled him, and yet he did not fully understand. But the glory of the old days had returned to him. Again he possessed

Firefly—alone. The second night, she made no effort to return to the cabin, and this night the wolf-howl might have been a hundred miles away for all the attention Swift Lightning paid to it. Alone he hunted. He brought in two rabbits and laid them at Firefly's feet.

In the grey dawn of the third day, he returned again from his hunt in the near bush. He was not gone long. But a great change had come under the windfall. And as he went in, his eyes glowing, his body trembling with the thrill of the new thing that came to him, mystery fell away, and a great understanding surged upon him. And from that grey-dawn gloom of her nest, Firefly's eyes glowed at him softly, and there was a joyous, whimpering note in her golden throat—and, in the presence of that miracle under the windfall, he stood for many minutes like a beast carved out of wood.

For Firefly had come into the kingdom of motherhood. And the children she bore were Swift Lightning's children.

III.

Under the windfall, Firefly's heart was beating a new and wonderful pæan. It was her first motherhood. Every fibre of her was attuned to the glorious thrill of it. And outside—in the soul of the great grey beast who had come into the heritage of his first family—the answer to that thrill was like the vibrating tremor of strange music. For a space, it dazed him. And then he was uneasy. Again and again, in the first hour after his marvellous discovery, he trotted back and forth in front of the windfall. And five times in that hour he went in close to Firefly, and smelled of the tiny, whimpering life which he could not see, and each time when he went forth again his head was higher, and his step quicker, and in his eyes a deeper fire. For, at last, had he come face to face with fatherhood. And that fatherhood meant more to him that it would have meant to a dog, for nature had made the law that a wolf should have but one mate, year in and year out; and to Swift Lightning, monogamous in his matehood, the

little creatures under the windfall were flesh of his flesh, and blood of his blood, and for them he was ready to fight, ready to give up his life if the call came to that, just as he was ready to fight and die for the mother who had given them birth. Therein, in a moral way, was Swift Lightning, the wolf, greater than the dog.

And it came very soon upon Swift Lightning that this windfall into which Firefly had crept was the one sacred place in all the world, a place which must not be desecrated, a place to be defended. It was that first instinct of savagery that possessed him the sixth time he came out from the wonderful nest under the tumbled tree-tops and logs. He went completely round the windfall, not questingly and inquiringly, but openly and defiantly. It had become suddenly *his* property, no matter who or what had inhabited it before, and he was almost eager that something should challenge his sovereignty that he might prove to all living things the absolutism of his empire.

Since that first golden night when he had mated with Firefly long ago, he had not felt quite so ridiculously eager to do something, and at last his energy found a vent in scouring the near-by bush for game, and before the day was fairly under way, he had brought three big rabbits to his mate. This again, was the wolf in him, and Firefly, though she did not eat, twice thrust out her red tongue to his face in grateful appreciation. A dog herself, unbred in the ways of the wolf, it was still not beyond her to comprehend the devotion and the chivalry of the wolf. And she did not snap and snarl at him, as a mother dog usually snaps and snarls at another dog's intrusion. Each time that Swift Lightning came into the windfall, she welcomed him with her glowing eyes, and her yellow body trembled with pleasure, and in her throat was always a greeting note of gladness.

And each time Swift Lightning tried harder and harder to see *what was there!*

(Continued on page xii.)



Q.—Has the plebiscite yet been taken in Teschen?

A.—It was provided in the Peace Treaty that a plebiscite should be taken in this district to decide whether it should belong to Poland or Czecho-Slovakia, but the matter was ultimately settled by reference to the Supreme Council. In July, the decision was made known. It gives practically all the coal mines at present working to Czecho-Slovakia, but the undeveloped areas known to contain coal go to Poland. Thus, while Czecho-Slovakia for the time being secures the coal output of the district, the time is quite near when the supplies in the present mines will fail, and coal will have to be sought in the area which has been allotted to the Poles. Thus, the Czecho-Slovaks gain a temporary advantage only.

Q.—Just where is Teschen?

A.—It is situated in what was formerly Austrian Silesia; the district covers some 2282 square kilometres, and has a population of 432,000. It is bounded on the north by the River Oder, in the west by the Vistula, in the south by the Carpathians, and in the east by the River Eala. The annual production of the coal mines is just under 8,000,000 tons. A large part of the territory is mountainous, and there are other minerals besides coal.

Q.—Does Poland receive any coal at all from the Teschen mines?

A.—The Supreme Council arranged, in order that Poland should suffer no hardship through the mines being allotted to Czecho-Slovakia, that it should receive annually the same amount of coal as it did in 1913. It is interesting

to note that on August 6th, when the Czecho-Slovaks took possession of the area allotted to them, there was not the slightest disturbance, the Polish workmen continued at their tasks, and the threatened strike did not take place. Absolute quiet has now been re-established in Teschen. The town itself, by the way, has been allotted to Poland; its largest suburb, inhabited almost exclusively by Germans, goes to Czecho-Slovakia.

Q.—Were you not mistaken in your report of the plebiscite in East Prussia?

A.—Yes. The figures for West Prussia were given in error. In East Prussia the vote was even more strongly in favour of remaining in Germany, the total being 353,655 out of 361,063 votes cast—equivalent to over 97 per cent. Out of 1661 communities only 9 had a majority for Poland. Of the qualified electors 92.3 per cent. voted. In West Prussia only 8 per cent. voted for Poland, though it had been claimed that the Polish population was 40 per cent. of the total.

Q.—What is the cost of wheat production in the United States?

A.—The cost of this season's crop is estimated at 2.15 dols. per bushel—equivalent to nearly 12s.

Q.—Is it a fact that home rule has been granted to Malta?

A.—Yes. Malta became a Dominion on June 14th. Last year riots occurred on the island in consequence of the high cost of living and general distress. Maltese politicians had been agitating for self-government in local affairs, such as education and taxation, and the Imperial Government decided to grant

"Dominion home rule." Elections are to be conducted on the proportional system.

Q.—Who was the winner of the Nobel prize for literature this year?

A.—The Spanish playwright, Jacinto Benevente. This author's works are popular not only in Spain, but in America, where English translations have been produced. "The Passion Flower" (originally "La Malquerida") is one of the best known of his plays. Senor Benevente is a versatile man, himself an actor, head of the National Conservatory of Acting, and of the National Theatre of Spain, a leader in the motion picture industry, and also a member of Parliament.

Q.—Who discovered the anti-typhoid vaccine?

A.—In 1896 it was discovered in Germany by Pfeiffer and Koller. Three months later an English bacteriologist, Wright, made a similar discovery.

Q.—When did inoculation for typhoid come into general use?

A.—In the Boer War, about 100,000 men of the British forces were inoculated. The success of the treatment was doubted for a time, but was fully proved later in experiments at Aldershot, England. It was found that by inoculation the number of typhoid cases per thousand men was reduced by 600 per cent., and the death rate by 1200 per cent.

Q.—Is the crime of lynching negroes never punished in America?

A.—It has been the usual practice of the officers of justice to overlook these crimes, even when the victims are found to have been innocent. But the efforts of the Association for the Advancement of Coloured People have had some effect. Governor Bickett, of North Carolina, recently ordered the troops to fire on a lynching mob, with the result that one person was killed, and two wounded. The next day it was proved that the negro they had desired to kill was innocent. There is a movement to pass Federal legislation for the prevention of lynching, the matter having hitherto been in the hands of the States. Senator Harding, Republican candidate

for the Presidency, has declared himself in favour of such a measure.

Q.—Can you give the full list of countries that introduced women's suffrage during the war?

A.—Between the meetings of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance in 1913 and 1920, 21 countries adopted this reform. They are: Austria, Britain; British East Africa, Canada, Crimea, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Esthonia, Germany, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Luxemburg, Netherlands, Poland, Rhodesia, Russia, Serbia, Sweden, Ukraimia, Uruguay. Since then the United States has come into line.

Q.—The cables report that American wives of German nationals are to have their property restored. Is this the only restoration to be made in America?

A.—Others who are to receive back their property besides the American wives are enemy diplomats, citizens of new States created by the Versailles Treaty, women of Allied or neutral countries married to enemy subjects, and some of the aliens who were interned during the war. The restoration law was passed by Congress on June 5th. It was estimated at that date that the value of the property to be given back was 150,000,000 dols., or about £40,000,000 at current exchange.

Q.—What is the proportion of Japanese in the population of Hawaii?

A.—In 1918 the Japanese numbered 106,800 in a total population of 256,180.

Q.—Have many of these Japanese attained American citizenship?

A.—In 1919 only 862 of the Japanese were entitled to vote, but many Japanese children are growing up, who are American citizens by virtue of birth in American territory. The present number of these is about 30,000, and the Japanese birth rate in the Islands is from 4000 to 4500 a year. A Japanese writer has estimated that in 1933 the number of Japanese voters in Hawaii will be about 8347, while the total of all other voters will be about 30,645. In such case the Japanese, by voting solidly, could probably control an election. The question of the right of Asiatics to

citizenship is now being discussed in the United States.

Q.—Have you any details of the protest made in the British Parliament against the Nauru Island purchase as a breach of the League of Nations Covenant?

A.—The protest against the Bill was led by Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, Sir D. McLean and Major Ormsby-Gore. The last-named member moved: "That this House declines to proceed further with a Bill which is in direct conflict with the articles of the Covenant of the League of Nations, as agreed by the Allies in the Treaty of Versailles regarding the open door, and the principle of trusteeship. . . ." The amendment was defeated, and a motion for the rejection of the Bill was also lost by 217 votes to 77.

Q.—In what way is the Nauru purchase a breach of the Covenant?

A.—There is some doubt whether it really involves a breach of faith. For, while Article 22 provides for "equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other members of the League" in the mandated territories, the next paragraph makes an exception in favour of "certain of the South Pacific islands," which, owing to their "small size" or other circumstances, can be best administered under the laws of the mandatory as integral portions of its territory. However, it will be difficult to convince our Allies that the action of Britain, Australia and New Zealand in monopolising the phosphate deposits is in any way fair.

Q.—Was the confiscation of German fishing vessels part of the blockade scheme?

A.—No. The fishing boats, like the merchant ships, were demanded as "reparation." In the Peace Treaty (Annex III. to the Reparations Section) Germany agreed to—

Cede to the Allied and Associated Governments the property in all the German merchant ships which are of 1600 tons gross and upward; in one-half, reckoned in tonnage, of the ships which are between 1000 tons and 1600 tons gross; in one-quarter, reckoned in tonnage, of the steam trawlers, and in one-quarter, reckoned in tonnage, of the other fishing boats.

In addition, Germany agreed to build ships for the Allies at the demand of

the Reparations Commission, the tonnage not to exceed 200,000 per year. Further demands on German shipping facilities were put forward after the sinking of the warships at Scapa Flow.

Q.—What foods are still under Government control in Germany?

A.—Only sugar, breadstuffs, milk and home-produced cheese, will be under control after this autumn. Meat is to be given free market. The dearth of milk remains one of the great hardships of the German people.

Q.—Can you give reliable figures of the decline in coal production in Britain?

A.—The weekly average for June and July was 4,660,000 tons; this is very little lower than the average for the five years 1915-19, which was 4,700,000 tons. For the twelve months ended on July 31, the weekly average was 4,500,000 tons. For the five years preceding the war the yield was considerably higher—5,200,000 tons a week. The lower quantity now won from the mines is produced by a larger number of men; but it must always be borne in mind that the difficulty of production increases as lower seams are worked.

Q.—How many workers are engaged in coal-mining in Britain?

A.—The number last year was 929,524. Almost every worker is a unionist, the number belonging to the unions at the end of 1917 being given as 918,737. It is estimated that at least 10 per cent. of the people of Britain are dependent, directly or indirectly, upon the collieries.

Q.—Are many lives lost in mining accidents?

A.—In Britain during the 20 years, 1899 to 1918, there were 25,130 lives lost in the mines, according to the statement of Sir Richard Redmayne.

Q.—Is the Queensland Government taxing the incomes from Commonwealth loan bonds that were declared to be tax-free?

A.—Queensland Parliament has passed an Act which would have this effect, but the Commonwealth Government is bringing action before the High Court to have the legality of the measure tested.

Q.—Assuming that the pastoral rents in Queensland were unduly low, how long would the Government have had to wait to adjust them without “repudiation?”

A.—The leases were limited to 30 years. Many of them had already been running a number of years, and would expire within a comparatively short period. The original Act (1910) had stipulated that at the end of each period of ten years the rents might be revised, but must not be increased by more than 50 per cent. When the full term is ended, the Government may do as it pleases with the land without any infringement of contract. The amending law, which is objected to as an act of repudiation, removes the restriction on interim increases of rent.

Q.—Is it a fact that there are still German prisoners in France?

A.—There were reported to be 350 last July. Nearly all of them were in the Avignon camp, and most were engaged in agricultural work. They were, apparently living under reasonable conditions, but the German Government was negotiating for their immediate release.

Q.—Has the capital levy been actually adopted in Austria?

A.—The law was passed in July. It has been modified to give the possessors of capital the option of distributing the payments over a considerable term, from three to twenty years.

Q.—What is the extent of the levy?

A.—The scale is somewhat intricate, depending on the social conditions of the people to be taxed. *The Economist* publishes the following figures, as giving an idea of the rates:—

On a capital of crowns:

- 100,000 is to be levied 4.30 per cent.
- 500,000 is to be levied 12.50 per cent.
- 5,000,000 is to be levied 33 per cent.
- 15,000,000 is to be levied 50.70 per cent.
- 150,000,000 is to be levied 65 per cent.

These are the rates for individuals. Joint stock companies have indiscriminately to pay 15 per cent. of the total value of their shares.

Q.—How are foreigners affected by this levy?

A.—Foreigners earning their living

in Austria must pay the levy after three years' residence; others residing there, but not earning their living within the country, must pay after five years. Foreigners owning land or business concerns in Austria, but not residing there, must pay the levy on these holdings.

Q.—Can you give the percentage of illiterates in, England, Ireland, Spain, France, Germany, Japan, etc.?

A.—Different countries have different tests of literacy. In the following list the percentages given show the number of children of ten years unable to pass a test in both reading and writing (except where otherwise indicated):—

Country.	Illiterates at ten years. Per cent.
Australia (whites only)	1.8 (Unable to read.)
Belgium	12.7
Bulgaria	65.0
Denmark	0.2
Egypt	92.7
France	14.1
India	92.1
Italy	37.0 (Unable to read.)
New Zealand (whites)	0.9
Russia	69.0
Spain	58.7
South Africa:	
Whites	3.0
Other Races	88.2
United States:	
Native Whites	3.0
Foreign Whites	12.7
Negroes	30.4
Chinese	15.8
Japanese	9.2
Austria has 13.7 per cent. at the age of 11 unable to write.	
Canada has 11 per cent. at 5 years unable to read and write.	
Germany has 0.05 per cent. “unschooled” at the age of 10.	
Greece has 57.2 per cent. “illiterate” at age of 10.	
Ireland has 9.2 per cent. at 9 years, unable to read and write.	
Japan has 1.37 per cent. at school age not attending school.	
Serbia has 78.9 per cent. at 11 years unable to read and write.	
Sweden has 0.2 per cent. of army recruits unable to read and write.	
Switzerland has 0.3 per cent. of army recruits unable to write.	
United Kingdom has 1 per cent. of army recruits unable to read and write.	



A NEW NOVELIST.*

This is an uncommonly fine bit of work, for a first novel. In spite of the author's being a poet, the purely descriptive passages have little evocative glamour; they are written rather in the crisp and accelerated idiom of the younger generation, which acts as if it were a trifle ashamed in becoming anthropomorphic towards nature. Nor does the background of the story—the physical background, that is—blend with the characters simply or set them off dramatically. To be sure, Mr. Wood makes a first-rate attempt to accomplish the latter, but in the reviewer's opinion he does not quite succeed, although in a sense the fault is not his but the section of life he has chosen to describe. He tries to make his characters rooted to the soil, yet it is significant that his own title for the last part of his book is "The Scattering." The mining town in the Southern States he has selected for his locale, has only the attraction of its vivid industrialism; it pulls people to it and throws them away, like sucked oranges, when its purposes have been accomplished; there is no native beauty or long steering in traditions to make it permanently attractive in a human sense. The author's commendable attempt to give his characters something of the tang and native earthiness of a Hardy peasant runs up against the stone-wall fact of the essential frivolity of contemporary American individualism—the ne'er-do-well and roving character of those who are its chief victims. His problem here is perhaps insoluble. On the other hand, turning to his charac-

ter studies his achievement is only halting and fragmentary. Some of the Negro men and women, the union leaders and company thugs, are admirably drawn. The working class type is a real one, not a caricature. Yet the chief protagonists, Pelham Judson in particular, do not come into the reader's experience with that unerring finality which is always the mark of sure imaginative creation. They are not inconsistent; they are plausible; they are unfailingly interesting. But they are mere sketches, not realities.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these reservations, *Mountain* is a first-rate novel. Its excellence lies in a characteristic that is not without significance, its balance and restraint. It is finely ordered and arranged; there is true economy of means. Not once does the author drift into sentimentality or cant. His employment of the new Freudian insights in delineating character, although he is thoroughly sophisticated here, is at no time obtrusive or exaggerated. Localised in this small uncharming Southern iron city, with all its industrial and cultural backwardness, and the insistent horror of its unsolved race problem unflinchingly pictured, Mr. Woods succeeds in giving an even objective panorama of the essence of the modern industrial class struggle as it occurs with local variations of one kind or another, throughout the America of 1920. If the book accomplished nothing more, this alone would make it notable. American novels of the industrial struggle are too often ranting sentimentalism, with that slightly deliquescent evangelical odour that emanates from the popular magazines, or mere partisan propaganda disguised as fic-

* "Mountain." By Clement Wood. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

tion. When writers become interested enough in industrial and economic problems to take them seriously, they usually become infected with the current moralism, and the resulting product not seldom is like apotheosised muck-raking. It is greatly to this author's credit that he is both interested seriously in these problems and at the same time able to keep that interest under some kind of artistic control. He is another example of the rapprochement which is going on so rapidly to-day between the artist and the Labour movement, a rapprochement which, perhaps, has its roots in a common revolt against artificial standards—whether academic or wage or factory—for a real expression of the instinct of workmanship.

This is a definite achievement, but it is only a step, one may legitimately hope from *Mountain*, in an artistic evolution. It is a real artistic triumph to have transcended the almost inevitable partisanship of the economic struggle. But although the result may be a good novel, that is not enough to make the result a great novel. The drama of nature versus man, the drama of the contemporary clash of industrial forces, are after all subsidiary to the eternal preoccupation of the novelist, the drama of human character itself. Mr. Wood has to learn to be objective, not merely, so to speak, to objective reality but to subjective reality as well. It is only when he has so learned that he can hope to transcend imaginatively this wide objective record.

Perhaps, the final test of the great novelist is his ability to be detached towards those emotions and experiences which cannot be revealed through outer observation, but only through introspection. Here Mr. Wood has made but a beginning. One can notice the firmness of his character sketches when he is dealing with the Negroes and the union leaders—people whom Mr. Wood probably has observed rather than whose life he can have shared. Through a number of

minor characters can be felt the author's note of confident objectivity. And as is so often true of young men writers—it is part of the same fact of outside observation—his women folk are first-rate; the mother, Jane Lauderdale, the wife, even the almost sensually flippant Louise. But when he comes to Pelham Judson himself (in whom, inevitably, there must be a share of autobiographical recollection), the chief figure of the book, the sureness of touch almost vanishes. He labours very hard to make Pelham a real person, real with all the angular irregularity of life.

Pelham grows up on the mountain, the son of the successful exploiter of its resources in iron; goes to Yale and absorbs the conventional social ideals (including an exploit as strike-breaker); in love with his mother—Freud really has much to feel responsible for—leads an almost preposterously chaste life, which he compensates for after his marriage to Jane by a delayed affair with Louise; returning to Adamsville after graduation, becomes converted to the cause of Labour and Socialism, and is one of the leaders in the long drawn-out strike in the mines. The result of the conversion is, of course, permanent estrangement from his father and mother, the former the leader of the stand-pat forces. The depiction of this strike, in fact, is as good as we have had in current American fiction, one's recollection of it is vivid and clear. But Pelham himself does not somehow stand out from it sharply as a character. It is as if the author were projecting himself imaginatively into the situation and making shrewd guesses (for it is a plausible sketch) as to what reactions would normally be felt by a person of Pelham's type. It is not someone with a personality of his own whom the author is recording in a particular situation. Of course, this is demanding a very great deal from any novelist. But in *Mountain* Mr. Wood has shown himself sufficient of an artist to make that final demand relevant.

H.S.

TIMBER WOLVES.*

The wrapper of *Timber Wolves*, combined with the title, gives an altogether misleading impression of this novel, which deals with the adventures of an interesting group, who endeavour to break the hold of the timber ring on Tasmanian forests. It is ~~not~~ an animal story, as the cover suggests, but a lively tale of a vigorous fight on the lines we have come to associate with the wilder districts of America, certainly not with the slumberous island of Tasmania.

Bernard Cronin is to be congratulated on this his second novel, which, like *The Coastlanders*, is purely Australian, and depicts our scenery and backwood's life in vivid fashion. Mr. Cronin contrives to infuse an action, and go into his tale, which is too often lamentably lacking in stories of Australian life. His effort compares very favourably indeed with the work of some of the American novelists, whose books are exceedingly popular here. Mr. Cronin is improving, and it is to be hoped that the sale of *Timber Wolves* will encourage him to keep on writing. He is in a fair way to becoming the Rex Beach of Australia.

The story has a good swing from start to finish. Mr. Cronin has evidently familiarised himself with logging methods, and has obviously made a careful study of the doings of the timber ring—timber wolves he calls them—though timber tyrants would perhaps be a better title. It must be frankly admitted that to believe some of his incidents possible, requires a very credulous mind, but so do plenty of those in adventure novels which reach us from across the Pacific. There is room for improvement still in the tale. There are too many happenings dragged in by the ears, so to speak; but his characterisation is so good, that minor faults are overlooked. The most disappointing character is that of the so-called

hero, a lawyer, who obviously knows no law. On the other hand, nothing could be better than his drawing of the two partners, Sollum and George Judney, and their imaginary Bill Hardie. Their humour is perhaps a little crude, but their remarks are at time uproariously funny, as the following extract shows:—

"How is George's rheumatism?" asked Miss Peggy. "Has he used the liniment I sent him?"

Sollum appeared a trifle embarrassed by the question. The little twinkle of mischief in his faded eyes, however, belied the affected gravity of his voice.

"Why, you see, Miss Peggy, George don't seem to take too kindly to the stuff, and that's a fact. Appeared like they was something in it burnt his tongue. He jess took one mouthful, and lit out for the creek. I reckon his rheumatics weren't as bad as he thought, maybe!"

"You don't mean to say he drank the liniment?" exclaimed the girl, with a horrified expression. "I sent word expressly that he was to rub himself with it. Why, he might have poisoned himself! Was his mouth burnt very badly? Oh, the poor fellow!"

"Now, don't you get to worrying about George," advised Sollum soothingly. "He's drank that much tea that his inside is tanned harder than a trace chain. It was his own fault, anyhow. I told him myself that the stuff ain't to drink. Maybe you don't know jess how obstinate George can be."

"I once cured a sick calf of the hives," says he. "If they's anything about medicine that I don't know, I'd be obliged if you'd mention it. Rheumatics is germs in the blood, ain't they?" says George. "Very well, then. Will you tell me then how rubbing the outside of my legs is going to benefit posterity," says he. "And no disrespect to the lady that sent the stuff along to me," says George. And with that he tilts the bottle to his mouth, and let some of it trickle down his neck. Suffering James, you should have seen the look on his face when the stuff began to sting him! He turns sort of yellow, like a poisoned finger, and turns over in his bunk, with his eyes all tucked up in his forehead. Says he to me, 'You little pickle-berry-faced, bean-weevil of a man, ain't you going to do something for me? Instead of standing there like you are, grinning like a trapped cat. How in Mike's name was I to know the stuff had such a kick in it. I'm busting in halves,' says poor old George. 'Which way does the creek lie? I can't see for the smoke that's coming out of my eyes. Remember me to Bill Hardie!' he says."

"Joe . . . Joe! You're just making the story up as you go along," said Jean Sal-

* "Timber Wolves." By Bernard Cronin. Hodder & Stoughton. (Melville & Mullen, Melbourne.)

ter severely. "Peggy child, how can you be so silly as to believe him. I declare you look quite miserable. Can't you see that Sollum's only humbugging us?"

"Honest to goodness, George did drink a little of the stuff," declared Sollum earnestly. "It ain't hurt him, though. Maybe I've been laying it on a bit thick, but if you could have heard George talking words at me, like he done, you'd have been tickled to death. He was nearly as amusing as a boil behind the ear. He talked about Bill Hardie for hours at a time."

The little man took a firmer hold of the parcel beneath his arm. "Well, I reckon I'll make tracks. They's bread to bake before the morning. Solong, friends."

Other cleverly drawn characters are those of Sam Frane, the "Timber Wolf," his right hand man, Garraway, and Charley Salter, the optimistic cattle-man, who believed that deception in a cattle deal was perfectly justified, but was straight as a die in other matters. The final denouement is decidedly out of the ordinary, and the interest of the reader is kept to the very end. Anyone wanting a lively adventure book ought to get *Timber Wolves*. After reading it he will look eagerly for the next from Mr. Cronin's pen.

AN AUSTRALIAN SOCIALIST ON BOLSHEVISM.*

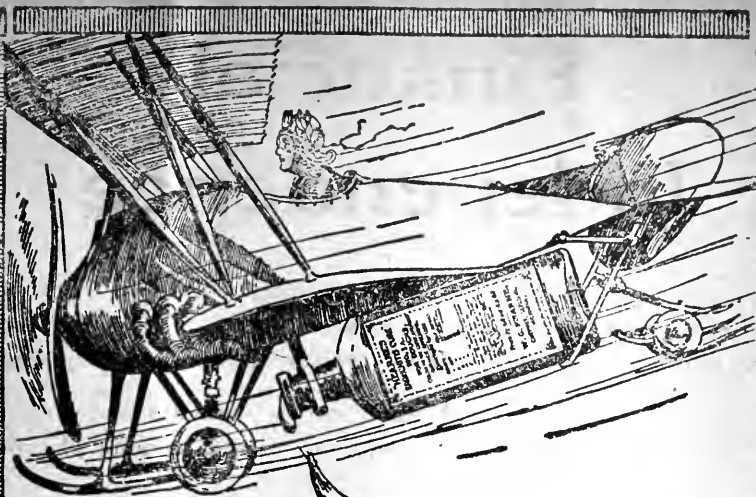
A discussion on the Soviet system, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and "the Australian alternative," has been published in a booklet by R. S. Ross, the Melbourne Socialist writer. Socialists who are inclined to follow the Bolshevik path would do well to read this impartial study of the actual working of the Soviet system. The author shows that Lenin and his followers have still many problems to solve, and he argues that, even assuming the ideal to be true, the methods employed in Russia are not necessarily suitable to Australia. The workers of this country would be foolish, he argues, to abandon the industrial and political rights they have gained in order to "start off scratch" with the oppressed peasants and industrialists of Russia. The author gives a critical survey of the dictatorship of the proletariat, quoting some authorities in favour of the system, but outweighing these with the evidence of numerous critics, themselves recognised leaders of Socialism, to the effect that the present rule in Russia is rather a dictatorship *over* the proletariat. Mr. Ross does not like dictatorship. "We of the movement for social justice cannot tin-

ker and tamper," he says, "with hard-won freedoms. We are for liberty of thought and for free speech—never for a disfranchising plan that even in our own hands will begin with the exploiter, and recoil upon ourselves by giving openings to one faction to strangle another. Instead of less, we want more of Democracy."

To win the real and permanent good of the new regime in Russia, while avoiding its ills, Mr. Ross urges Australian Labour to pursue its present policy of nationalisation and labour organisation—with some modifications, and with increased zeal. Unionism should aim at democratic control of industry, organisation on an industrial basis, and the "One Big Union" ideal.

The booklet holds little comfort for those who are content with the present organisation of society. But it has a distinct value for every student, not only in the informative analysis it gives of the Soviet system, but in its revelation of the mood of Australian Socialists. When a man of Mr. Ross's vein of radicalism has to plead for moderation—and for democracy as against a revolutionary dictatorship—those of us who are less advanced might do well to note which way the wind is blowing.

* "Revolution in Russia and Australia." By R. S. Ross. (Ross's Book Store, Melbourne.)



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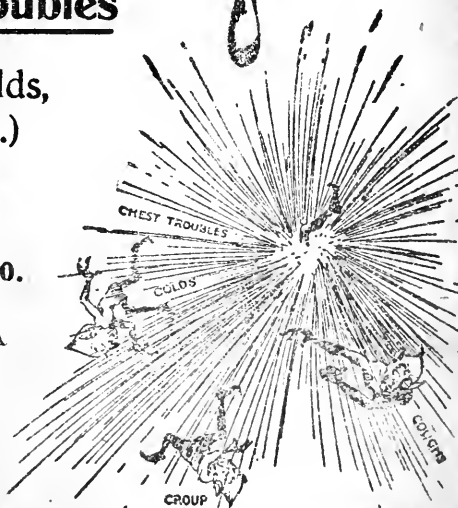
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contains a message of such transcendental importance that no reader of this magazine, whether man, woman or child, should fail to answer it.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

Two facts outstand during the past fortnight. The first is that the loan of £25,000,000 is over-subscribed, and so the pledge of the country to the returned soldier over repatriation is on the fair way to completion. This is as it should be, though a study of finance shows plainly that we continue to move ahead too recklessly. This remark opens up the second point. It is, that the turn in the rush of high prices for commodities plainly has come. As is so often the case, one has to look afield to discover the beginning of a movement of the kind. Japan is responsible for the check imposed, though, of course, other currents were working all the while the same way. Japan had done so well out of the war, and its Asiatic policy was so boldly announced, that the trend of its finance was not noticed; but the smash-up has been sufficiently dramatic to arrest the attention of the trading world. Truth, unfortunately, compels the assertion that the nation was so recently out of swaddling clothes, as a trader, and its industries in many instances were so new that their owners had not learnt to recognise the value of setting a high standard in respect to the quality of commodities. So, when the better trained exporters of Europe set about re-capturing their old fields of conquest, Japan lost trade. Then, as speculation in Japan, owing to the wealth amassed out of the war trade, had got beyond restraint, the smash came. Orders were thrown back on manufacturers in other countries, credits were limited locally and abroad, and a disillusioned people has now to recast the situation. They are doing this with pluck and ability, but the slump hastened the world's turn in prices. For next, the United States began to let out the news that its traders were also cutting prices, and although denial is given to the statement that the wholesale houses, or the big steel trusts are engaging in lowering rates, the fact remains that consumers are holding off buying. When that happens in a nation, that must be kept busy to

feed and clothe millions of souls, the inevitable happens. It must comply with popular opinion, or suffer. And it is complying with popular opinion. In Britain, the same process is starting. Wool is so difficult of sale, that no real basis for quotation is stated to be available. The iron and steel works are dull, coal labour trouble is unsettling everything, and finance has to look forward to an awkward next four months. So there, too, prices are being reduced, or buying is being stopped. A bright spot is that seemingly the Continent is beginning to absorb raw materials more freely, and that may bring out more commodities for sale. So the expectation is that the range of prices will ease. That being so, the advice is proffered to buy only for needs. That, after all, is the best way to kill the profiteer.

A RIGHT-ABOUT TURN.

Not long since the Commonwealth Bank stated in its balance-sheet that it had over £21,000,000 held in London at short call. The ordinary banks had also large sums invested there. So, when the Treasurer stated recently that he proposed to pay off a considerable sum in liquidation of the Australian debt due to the Imperial Government, the one opinion held was that it was a good thing to start to get out of debt anywhere, and especially to a country having such financial responsibilities as Great Britain. When Victoria took steps with the assistance of the trading banks, to float off a loan of £2,750,000 here, for the redemption of an equal amount of a debt falling due in London, the same sentiment was expressed under the belief that funds were plentiful in London all round. Now, it is disclosed that the drawings of Commonwealth and State in these and other directions, coupled with a rush of imports, have altered the position so materially that the Australian banks in London are only accepting drafts on Australia on a limited scale, thereby

restricting business to well known customers. There is nothing exceptional in this act, but what it tells is that Australia must go in for sober finance, by living a long way more within its income than it has been doing. It also must set to work, even if in doing so it has to hang as high as Haman those reactionaries who preach the gospel of "go slow," and industrial disorder. The fact is, the country has never really appreciated the easy financing made possible by the purchasing by the British Government of our staple commodities, coupled with the prompt payments made. If the present wool clip was to be handled in the same way, credits in London would have been maintained, and the check imposed on trade by the action of the banks would have been unnecessary. Still, the question arises whether we will not be better off for the restraint now imposed. We do not want imports rushed here; we must get back to pre-war ordinary methods of business; we must economise, and we must work. That is, if we are to be honest, and pay our way, instead of living on borrowed capital, and maintaining an immoral extent of inflation by means of lavish public expenditure. What effect the precaution of the banks will have on prices has yet to be demonstrated. What will follow if imports are affected will be a reduction in the Customs revenue, and that may upset the Federal Treasurer's estimate. The problems raised by the situation just created, therefore, have very wide interest.

THE MARKET.

The subject of the market is dealt with last because its course, during the fortnight has been affected by the developments in public and private finance, indicated in the foregoing paragraphs. With such factors operating, how was it possible to avoid a marking down of prices? The statement was

made a fortnight ago that the market for the stock of the Peace Loan would open at about £96 10s. That was the exact figure at which the market got to terms. Since then the price has dropped to well below £96, and so the stock is at a figure that makes it one of the most attractive investments in the Commonwealth. The same can be said of the short dated $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, free of income tax, to which the market still pays a good deal of attention. The immediate effect of the development in the Australian banking position in London was to bring out stocks for sale, and consequently the whole range of general securities has receded. Another factor is the bank rate, and the belief that it will not be long before the authorities will, to check drawings on Australia, take the precaution of increasing it still more. Then, too, who can, with reason, purchase industrial scrip where the outlook in respect to labour and costs is so uncertain to-day, when he can buy high interest returning securities free of taxation like those of the Commonwealth? So it was obvious that a reduction in price had to take place, and it is also inevitable that a further settling down will occur until finance is better adjusted and production is on a larger scale. In the mining market there is nothing but trial and tribulation. The Broken Hill award is to be topped off with a big increase in the income taxes paid by companies. Queensland copper mining, financed almost exclusively outside the State, also wonders how it will be dealt with if Labour continues to hold power. While so far as gold mining goes the whole Australian industry now is absolutely dependent upon the premium obtainable for the metal outside Australia. Cut that off and, with the increased cost of wages and supplies, the industry can only struggle along. Consequently the market, apart from the gambling in Hampton Plains shares, is almost at a standstill.

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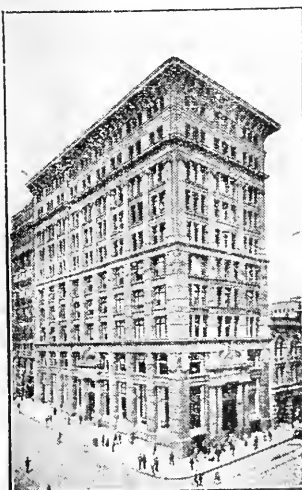
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THE CIVILISING OF SWIFT LIGHTNING.

(Continued from page 556.)

He knew; he had heard the faint little voices, and yet, because of the gloom and Firefly's protecting body, he had not seen. At last he dared to seek gently, and when the cool tip of his nose touched for the first time one of the soft little bits of life snuggling in the warmth of Firefly's hair, he jumped back almost as if he had touched the hot end of an iron. And then, in another irresistible fit of zeal, he went out and hunted until he killed a fourth rabbit, which he added to the untouched offering in Firefly's nest.

Not until late that afternoon did Firefly come out from under the windfall, and then it was only to go to the little creek and drink. She came out again at dusk. All that night, Swift Lightning did not go away from the windfall. The next morning, he began hunting again. The rabbits were so plentiful that it was not difficult for him to kill, and he added two more carcasses to the three already close to the edge of Firefly's nest. Firefly ate one of the fresh rabbits that day. One from five still left four, but if Swift Lightning possessed any knowledge of arithmetic, he did not allow it to interfere with his enthusiasm. Once more his cup of happiness was full to the brim and running over, and, inasmuch as Firefly could not play or run with him, his energy continued to find its chief vent in hunting. Rabbits piled up about Firefly until her bright eyes peered over a barricade of them, when Swift Lightning entered the windfall.

And then came the inevitable. An unwholesome odour began to fasten itself upon Firefly's home. It grew steadily stronger until, on the fifth day after the first kill, Swift Lightning came home with another rabbit to find his mate slyly busy in a process of house-cleaning. One after another, Firefly brought out nine rabbits, and each rabbit she covered with leaves and mould at a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the windfall. Then, for the

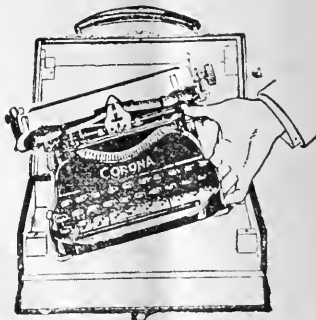
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first time, she lay down outside the windfall and ate the freshly killed rabbit which Swift Lightning had brought her.

One day, not so very long after this, Firefly had another home-coming surprise in store for her mate when he returned from the hunt. For, out into a pool of warm sunlight Firefly had brought her babies, and there Swift Lightning saw them clearly for the first time, tumbling about the golden body of their mother, a marvellous sight for the eyes of fatherhood. And it must be that his heart swelled with new pride and new joy, and surely Firefly's heart was singing within her, for nature had shown no disappointing favouritism in that family of theirs. There were two little Fireflies, tawny and yellow, and two little Swift Lightnings, silver and grey.

In the splendid days and nights that followed, Firefly had not much time to think of Gaston Rouget's cabin and her friends there, for her children were lively little creatures, and their demands were insistent and tireless. In fact, the failing of over indulgence that sometimes comes with first motherhood held Firefly firmly in its grip. The proudest moment in her life was when this brood waddled after her to the little creek one day, and the proudest moment in Swift Lightning's was when, after long and patient waiting, this same little brood acted like young cannibals every time he brought a rabbit in. They did not eat the flesh, but they had a lot of fun in pulling hair. And during these same days, in the cabin of Gaston Rouget, Firefly and Swift Lightning were given up as gone for all time.

But in Firefly, in spite of her happiness, the lure of "home" was only asleep, and not dead. And, after a time, it slowly began to waken, and inside her there grew more and more the desire to take her little family to the cabin in the clearing. For the nights were chilly now. And instinct urged her to find a warmer home for her puppies than the old windfall.

What would have happened soon after that, it is difficult to say. It is



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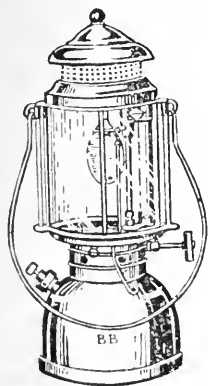
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probable—but it is useless to conjecture. Many things might have happened. As it was, Fate drove straight home with the final dramatic episode in Swift Lightning's life. To achieve her end, she sent Yootin Wetikoo.

Yootin Wetikoo was neither red nor white. It was not of flesh and blood. It was, in short, the devil-wind. This devil-wind did not come frequently. But when it did come, it was believed that all the devils in the land had gone mad in their desire to disrupt the world. To white men, it was neither a thing of mystery nor of bad spirits. It was the north-west tornado.

This year, even though the month was late September, it was preceded by a veritable inferno of thunder and lightning. Half an hour of that, and the cataclysm broke over the windfall. For a space, the sky was a sea of electrical fire, and the earth trembled with the shock of the mighty atmospheric convulsions far up above the forests. Firefly covered back in her nest, and her puppies snuggled themselves close, whimpering against her body. Swift Lightning, as if to protect his possessions even from the wrath of storm, lay close to the opening out of the windfall, his eyes staring into the night, and filled with the lightning's flare. For not more than a quarter of an hour there was a deluge or rain, and then, travelling swiftly, thunder and lightning and rain raced into the east and steadily died away. After it there followed a dead silence, terrible and black. In that silence, Swift Lightning could hear distinctly the sound of the suddenly flooded little rivulet, and the dripping of water from the boughs of the trees. And then, from far away, there came faintly a low moaning.

There was no break in that dismal and foreboding sound. It grew slowly and steadily nearer, until, at last, the sound of it was like the sound of a waterfall. And then, like an avalanche, it was upon the forest. Swift Lightning could not see, but he could hear, and what he heard was something that had never come to his ears in the fiercest



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storms that had ever swept over the pole. The path of the tornado was not more than half a mile wide, but, five miles away, Gaston Rouget and Jeanne were listening to the roar of it. In that path there was a snapping and rending of tree. Tall spruce and cedars were torn up by the roots, as if they were weeds. Trails were choked. Open spaces were suddenly filled with the debris of ruin and desolation. Now and then, out of the heart of the wind, a giant hand seemed to drive straight down—and, when this happened, anything that was in the path of that hand was swept aside as if by a giant broom. The roar was terrific. It was as if, for a brief space, the world was coming to an end.

From straight over the windfall shot down one of the terrible, destroying spear-thrusts of the tornado. It veered slightly, so that the edge of it, like a mighty knuckle, struck Swift Lightning's side of the windfall. In that explosion of the wind, Swift Lightning felt the crash of logs and tree-tops and debris about him. The edge of the windfall was twisted and torn into pieces, and suddenly there fell upon him out of the blackness a great and crushing weight.

Only twenty feet away, Firefly's nest remained almost undisturbed. In it she shivered, and nuzzled her puppies as the tornado roared overhead and went on. In the trail it had blasted through the forest followed, for a brief interval, another deluge of rain. Half an hour later, the old silence hovered over the stricken timber-land.

In the first of that silence, Firefly heard a strange sound from Swift Lightning. It was not a yelp. It was not a howl. It was not a dog's cry of distress. For Swift Lightning, when it came to bearing pain was *wolf*—and, in the agony that was upon him now, it was hardly more than a throat-note that he made. But Firefly heard it. She whimpered a reply, and in answer to that whimper came a gasping, moaning sigh. Half a minute later, she had made her way to him through a tangle of

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debris. He was no longer in the wind-fall, but in the open. And over him, crushing him into the earth, lay the butt of a tree, twice as thick through as a man's body.

In Firefly's slim golden head was the brain of the collie, the brain which, at times, seems almost human, and for hours that night she dug to save the life of her mate. She sensed the nearness of death, and utterly she gave herself up to the task. After storm, the skies cleared. The moon and the stars came out. And still she dug. Her puppies whimpered and called. But she continued to dig. She tore at the earth with her teeth and claws until she was exhausted, and her feet were raw. But it was impossible for her to save Swift Lightning. His body was crushed. One of his legs was broken. Slowly the life was dying out of him.

In the early dawn, Firefly gave up her task. But in the last extreme one thing always rises up in the vision of the collie dog. It is man. Human help. And, with her last strength, Firefly covered the five miles between the wind-fall and the cabin of Gaston Rouget, and before the door of the cabin she barked and scratched until both Gaston and Jeanne rolled out of their bed to see what the tumult meant. And what Jeanne and Gaston saw drew a strange cry from each. For Firefly's paws left stains of blood on the cabin floor. She was panting, and almost ready to drop. But she ran back half-way to the edge of the forest—once—twice—three times—barking for Gaston Rouget to follow her. And, at last, understanding that something of mystery lay out there beyond the edge of the clearing, Gaston put on his clothes quickly, caught up his rifle, and followed.

The sun was well up, and the last of life was fading slowly out of Swift Lightning's eyes when a strange vision stood for a moment before him. It was man. And Firefly was with him. And then he could no longer see. But he heard sounds, indistinctly for a time, and, after that, all blackness. And Gaston Rouget, with a broken sapling for



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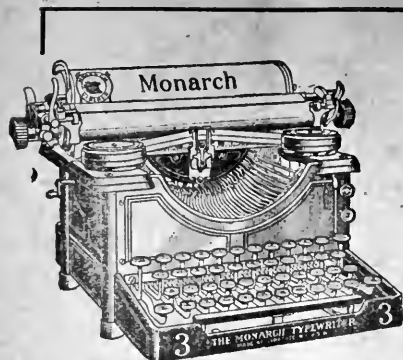
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a lever, laboured with the will of a giant—at the great log—and two hours later he returned to the cabin in the clearing with a strange burden in his arms.

After that, Swift Lightning knew that things were happening. His eyes opened. And he saw the wonder of it all. But he was helpless. He could not move. He was paralysed. Gaston was holding his fore leg straight out on a narrow slab of flat wood, and Jeanne was, binding it round and round with long strips of cloth—and he had no strength to snap at them. And they were talking to him, and, when it was done, the woman's hand stroked his head. And just beyond them was the little Jeanne, big-eyed and staring, and at the door, held back by Gaston's command, were Tresor and Waps. Then he was put on a soft blanket in a corner of the cabin; and the man went out, taking Tresor and Waps with him. For a long time he lay there. Frequently the woman came to him and put her hand on him, unafraid, and placed water and fresh meat right under his nose. And after that—a long time afterward—the man returned, and this time there came through the door with him Firefly, his mate, and Firefly, tired as she was, jumped up excitedly about a big basket which he carried. This basket, Gaston opened, and from it, one by one, he drew out Swift Lightning's two little sons and two little daughters and put them down on the blanket beside him. And Swift Lightning, overcome by the miracle of it, closed his eyes and sighed.

That sigh was the sigh of Skagen, the great Dane. For, after twenty years, the spirit of the white man's dog had come into its own, and the beginning of the revelation was upon Swift Lightning—the beginning of his dream come true. For never after this need he fear the scent or the touch of the white man's hand. And Gaston, answering the question on Jeanne's lips, shrugged his shoulders and laughed softly.

(Continued on page xxvi.)

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DOES MY LADY KNOW THAT.



A new note in millinery is struck by the introduction of the close-fitting bandeau beneath the brim of a big mushroom-shaped summer hat? The idea is particularly becoming for youthful faces. Usually, the brim is much wider at the sides than at the back or front, and the crown of the hat is covered with closely-packed flowers, or tiny frills of ribbon.

The latest thing in trousseau lingerie is to adorn each separate garment with a small velvet flower, of some very pronounced colour, such as rust red on shell pink crepe de chine, or deep violet on pale blue. The flower, which is, of course, quite flat, is dropped negligently on to a shoulder strap, or the frill of a petticoat.

An extremely pretty finish to either crepe de chine, jap silk, or fine cambric lingerie, is given by the addition of narrow bands of double net, through which coloured ribbon is threaded. It is quite a change from the usual method of threading through slots made in the material itself and, though originally introduced on the more expensive sets, is simplicity itself for the home needlewoman.

Bag fashions have become a little monotonous of late, beads and brocade holding the field triumphantly. A rival, however, has appeared in the handbag, made entirely of straw, with the exception of the ivory mount. These bags are of lisere straw, substantial, yet pliable

at the same time, and look as though there is plenty of wear in them. When they match the hat the effect is very smart.

Panamas and light straw hats have a way of growing discoloured long before they are worn out. But last year's straws can be renovated quite easily, and made to look like new, provided that they are not allowed to get too wet in the process. Salts of lemon, the usual remedy, is to be avoided on account of its yellowing action. In its place, plain almond soap, applied with a soft nail-brush over a small portion of the hat at a time, is excellent, provided that each piece of cleaned straw is thoroughly dried as the process goes on. A paste made of petrol and white meal is advisable for hats which are really ingrained with soil, small portions being cleaned at a time with a soft pad of flannel. The last stage consists of rubbing the hat dry with a towel, and leaving it to stiffen in the sun.

Powder can be a very useful friend provided it is the right sort, on the right puff, used at the right time, in the right way; but when "wrong" is substituted for right, then the complexion sets out on the downward path from beauty.

The chief point to remember in buying a powder is to get none but a vegetable one; on no account should a mineral one be used; it's really quite unnecessary, as there are so many others. It is false economy to buy too cheap a powder, for none must be used except the finest possible make, and one that is absolutely free from the slightest trace of grit. Care must be taken in keeping powder that it is not allowed to get damp; it is best kept either in a tin or in a wide-mouthed glass bottle.

The idea that powder must be either white or pink is quite out of date, as it can be had flesh colour, or even sun-burn tint.

The powder puff is too often a most unhygienic object and, instead of being absolutely spotless, it is sometimes quite soiled. It is far better to discard the regulation puff, and in its place just use a tiny piece of cotton wool, well pulled out. This can be done in a few minutes.

Some women get a piece of muslin gauze, the sort of thing that is used for surgical dressings. The wool is placed in a small piece of gauze (cut square), and then tied quite loosely. Needless to say, it is white wool that must be used for this, as for any toilet purpose. A good plan is to make about two dozen of these special puffs, and keep them shut up in a tin, and just take one out as a fresh one is required for the beauty bag. It will not be an extravagance to use a fresh puff pretty often.

It is a good plan before using powder to occasionally shake or stir the pot. It is quite an art to apply a powder correctly. The lighter it is put on the better; then it is not so apt to clog the pores. Faces that perspire require very careful powdering. If the powder is actually rubbed on it may do a good deal of harm, and eventually entirely spoil the complexion; if the perspiration cannot find free exit the results must be a muddy colouring instead of a pretty bloom upon the cheeks.

On the face, powder must never be used until it is perfectly dry, but a little fine powder can be sifted on to the hands to assist the drying—that is when the towel has done its work. Oatmeal is the best powder to use, the very finest kind that can be bought; after sifting it through very fine white muslin, it is ready for use, and helps to keep the hands soft and white.

The use of powder on top of a cream is not good for the complexion. It is sometimes a convenient way of "making-up," and to do so occasionally will do no harm; but it must not be made a habit. It forms too much of a coating over the skin. Of course, if it was not for the pores we could do almost anything we liked with the complexion.

Summer is the time for thermos-flask activities, for the little contrivance is

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"I had no idea things were so bad as that, John. I'm sorry! If I could only help you!"

"Oh, you do, dear," her father replied. "It is no fault of ours. We never lived extravagantly, but these last two years have been terrible!—Whatever happens, though, don't tell Ethel."

At these words a great feeling of love swept over Ethel, the only daughter of John and Elizabeth Wisdom. Her first impulse was to rush in and comfort them both. But knowing that she had overheard would only disturb them more. So, with tear-filled eyes, she tip-toed to her own room and dropped into the little chair before her dressing-table.

"I will help them," she whispered. "But what can I do?"

For a long time she sat thinking. Then she picked up a paper she had been reading that morning. She paused at a story, but finally, seeming to get an inspiration, she put the paper aside, and, as she sat chin resting on her palm, a glad expression came into her eyes.

As Ethel's father and her mother sat talking together some months later they heard her door open, and someone tripped lightly down the passage, and what an Ethel stood before them!

For several moments no one spoke.

Then Ethel said: "Well, do you like it, father?"

"It's perfect, dear!" And pride and wonder shone in his face. "It's the most beautiful dress you've ever had. But where did you buy it?"

"That's the real surprise, dad. I didn't buy it at all—I made every stitch of it myself, didn't I, mother?"

"I don't understand," Mr. Wisdom began. "I didn't know that you could sew at all—let alone make a dress like that."

"Well, father," Ethel said, "a few months ago I thought that I ought to help in some other way than just assisting with the housework. But, at first, I didn't know of any way to do it. Then the solution of my problem came in the form of a newspaper article. It told the story of the development of a wonderful new method, by which any girl or woman, anywhere, could learn easily and quickly, right at home, to make becoming clothes and millinery.

"I saw at once that if I could learn to make stylish and becoming clothes for mother and myself it would mean the truest kind of economy. So I wrote at once, and asked to be

told all about it. I received the most interesting particulars, explaining everything free. This information was a revelation to me, and provided just the opportunity I needed. I soon realised that any woman could learn dressmaking by this wonderful new system.

"Why, in a few days I was able to make a beautiful blouse, and I have lots of pretty clothes to show you. Besides learning how to make blouses, skirts, costumes, underclothing, etc., I learned what colours and materials suit different types, and how to add those little touches that make clothes smart and becoming.

"And, now, father—and this is really the best part of my surprise—the marvellous Associated System has taught me the way to help that I wanted so much to find. My first plan was simply to surprise you by making, instead of buying, my dress, and then to show you that, by spending money for materials only, I had been able to get a dress and many other things, too. Three weeks ago this lovely dress was done, and I was going to tell you the secret then, but some of the girls came in, and I couldn't resist showing it. They fell in love with it, and begged me to make dresses for them.

"I'd never dreamed of sewing for others, but then the big thought came that I could not only save on mother's clothes and mine, but could make money, too. So I agreed to do three dresses for the girls, and I earned over £6 making them. Other girls are wanting me to make things, too. I'll have more than I can do for weeks! And, father, isn't it wonderful how it's all come out?"

"Wonderful!" And he held her close—so that, perhaps, she may not see what glistened in his eyes. "Why, it's a miracle. And you've made me the happiest father in the world."

Ethel's plan has a practical application to your needs. More than 11,000 women and girls have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, by the Associated System, to make your own and children's clothes and hats. It makes not the slightest difference where you live, in city, town, or country—you can learn this simple system, which has brought the happiness of having dainty stylish clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent, to women and girls in all parts of Australia and New Zealand. It will cost you nothing to get full information, and I suggest that you apply promptly, being sure to mention STEAD'S REVIEW, and whether you prefer to learn Dressmaking or Millinery. State if you are Mrs. or Miss. Do this immediately, as otherwise you may lose the chance of a lifetime. SEND NO MONEY; simply send your name and address NOW to the ASSOCIATED SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING, 22, Canberra House, 295-7 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY.

invaluable for train journeys and picnics. But do remember not to mix milk with your tea before placing it in the flask, for, if you do, your beverage will surely have a sour taste. Tea and milk must travel separately. And remember, don't re-cork the thermos when it is empty, for that is the way to induce it to crack.

Tinned fruits should be opened, and taken out of the tin several hours before they are to be used. This gives them a chance to become aerated, and takes away the rather flat taste they are apt to have. A sure and simple method of testing all tinned foods is to press the bottom of the tin with the thumb. If it makes a noise like a machine oil-can when it is pressed, the tin is not airtight, and the contents therefore unfit for use. Should the key be lost for opening tinned goods, a good substitute will be found in a buttonhook.

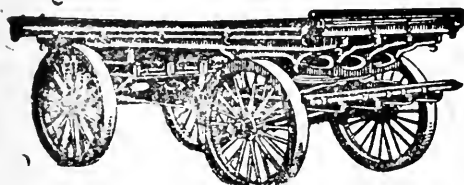
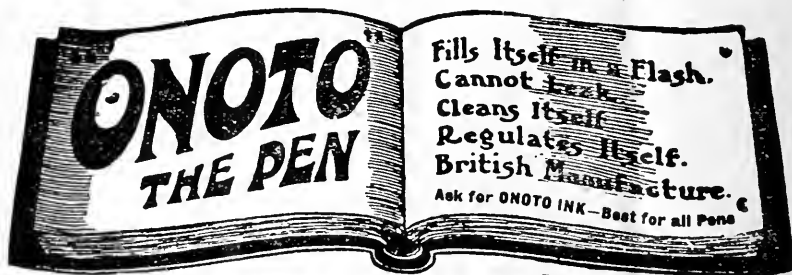
Get some bitter apple from the chemist, crush it, and sprinkle it amongst the clothes. You will find this one of the finest things for keeping moths away, and garments can be used at a minute's notice, as there is no smell

left by the bitter apple, such as one gets from carbon, for instance; neither will it hurt the most delicate fabric. Another moth preventive will be found in dried orange peel put away in the clothing. Also a few drops of lavender oil is a powerful enemy to the moths, and a delightful perfume to the clothes.

SWIFT LIGHTNING.

(Continued from page xx.)

"Yes; he will live, *ma chérie*. It will be many weeks before he runs again, and he will run always with a limp—but he will live. And when that time comes, he will not go very far away again. *Non*. There is dog in his eyes. And he will love you. Not me, Gaston Rouget, big and black and hairy, but you, my Jeanne. *Oui*; he will love you—*par dessus la tête*!—or I miss my guess. See—he is looking at you now! Is it not so? Do you not see the dog shining there? I think he has come home—after a long time. And I tell you that he will never again go very far away."



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